Serban Nichifor

SACRED MUSIC (2003-2015)

- Amazing Grace Echo flute, cello & piano (2003) p. 001
- Mormon Rhapsody string orchestra (2004) p. 009
- Mormon Rhapsody brass orchestra (2004) p. 041
- Old Mormon Songs for cello solo (2004) p. 046
- Old Mormon Songs for violin solo (2004) p. 049
- God Bless America, American Air for Symphony Orchestra (2004) – p. 058
- Tribute To Joseph Smith, The American Prophet computer music (2005) p. 064
- Infinite Song In Memoriam Daniel Pearl for piano (2010)
 p. 104
- Ani Ma'amin (I Believe) cello & piano (2013) p. 106
- God Bless Our Prophet Dear for choir (2013) p. 110
- Songs Of The Heart computer music (2013) p. 118
- Ave Maria in E-flat major (2013) p. 166
- Ave Maria in D minor (2013) p. 169
- Exodus, video opera (2014) p. 181
- Kaddish for soprano (or tenor) and piano (2014) p. 283
- Ha'Shoah for cello and piano (2015) p. 304

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to my friends Rich and Sue

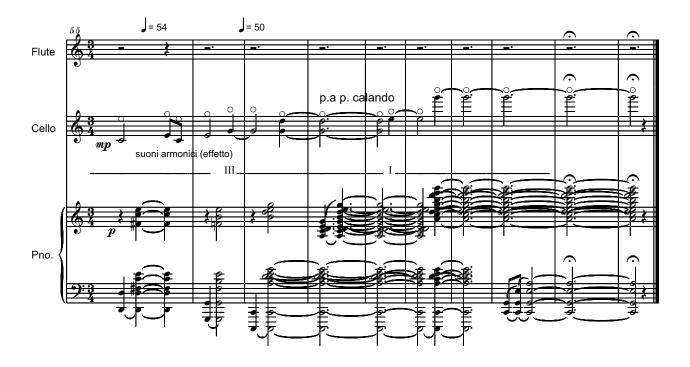
02. "AMAZING GRACE" ECHO







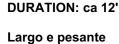




MORMON RHAPSODY for String Orchestra - For Rich and Sue McClellan,

To The Glory of GOD -

SERBAN NICHIFOR (2004) Source of the Songs: 1.) "Hymns of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" published by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah 1985; 2.) "Saints of Sage and Saddle -Folklore among The Mormons" by Austin and Alta Fife -**Indiana University Press 1956,** reprinted 1966

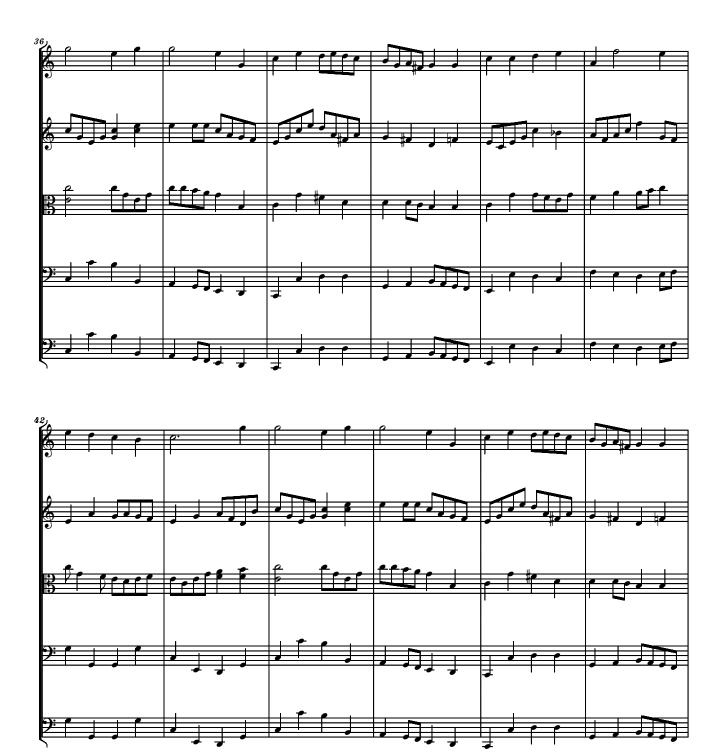




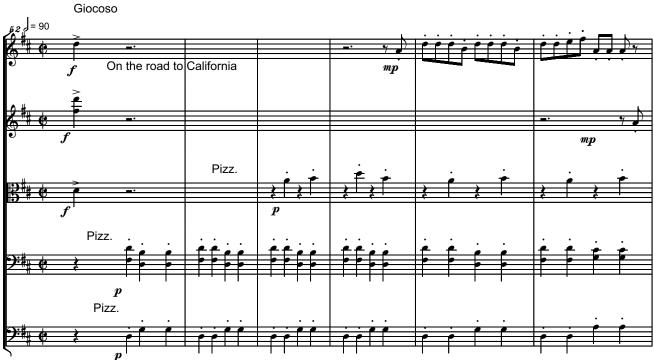














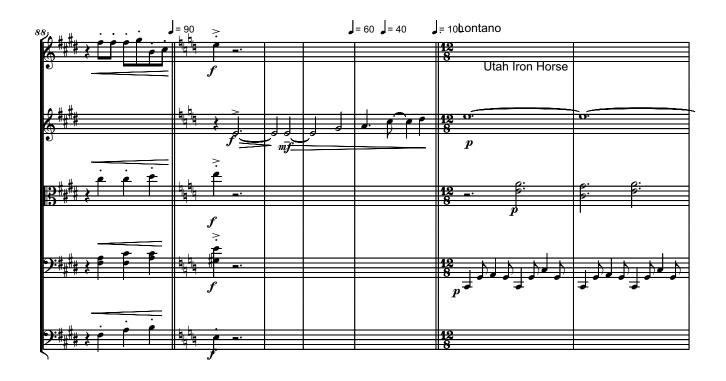


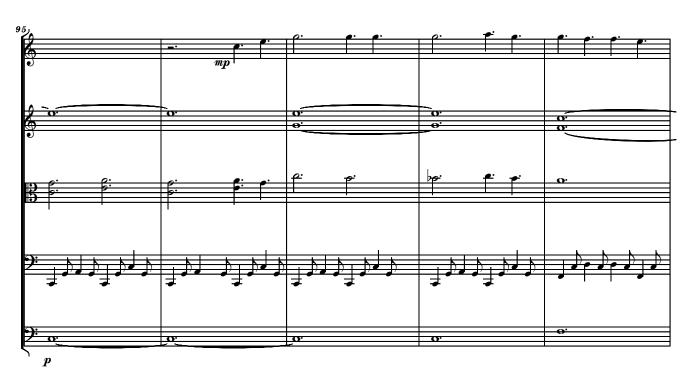
































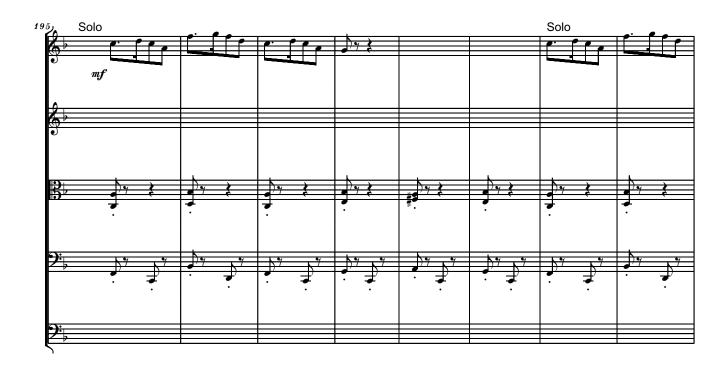


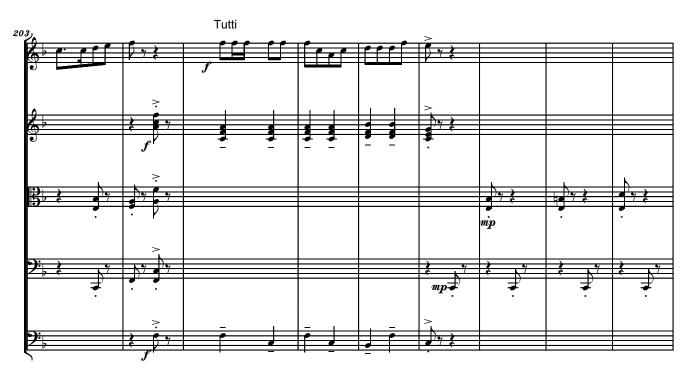


















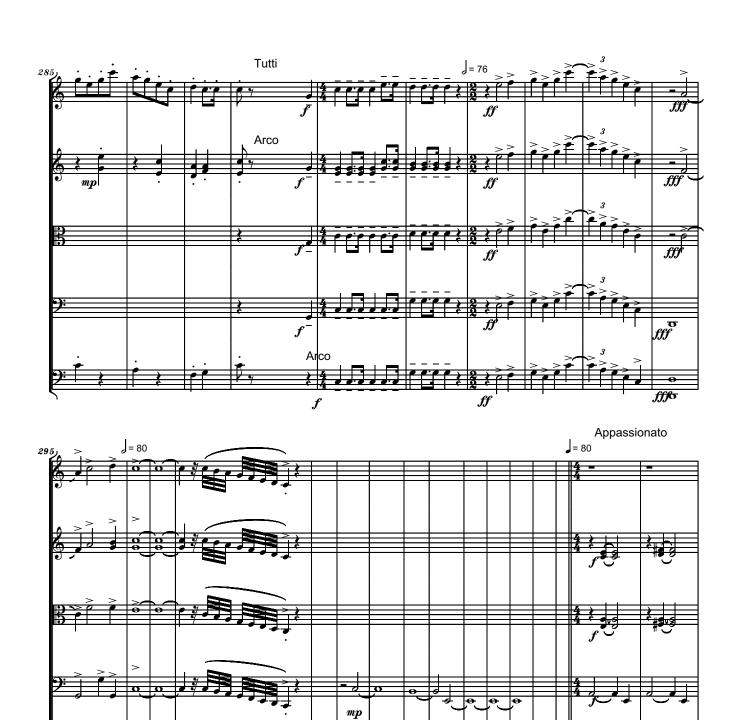












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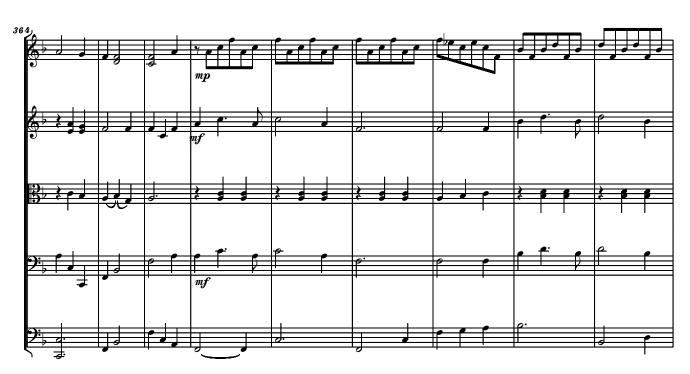










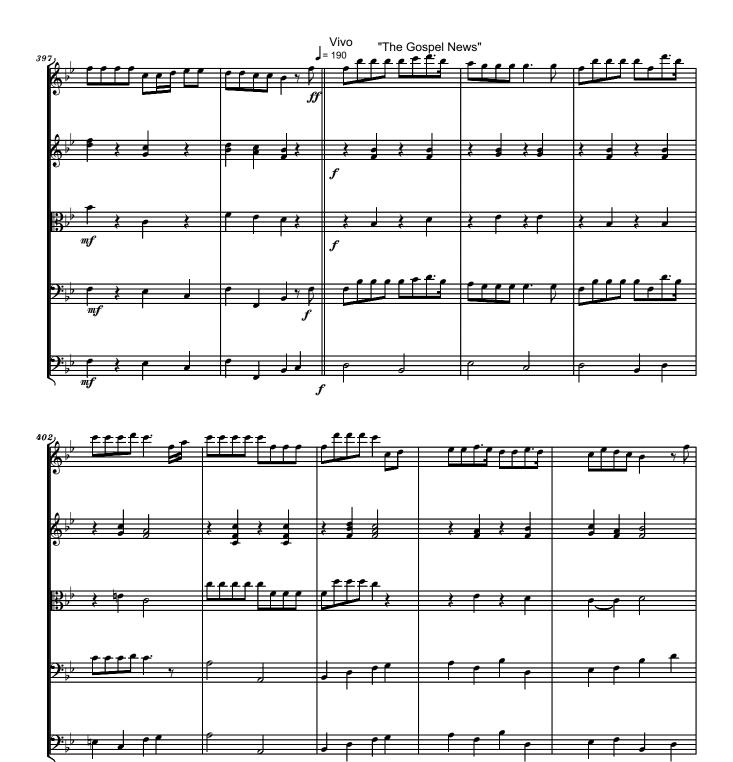








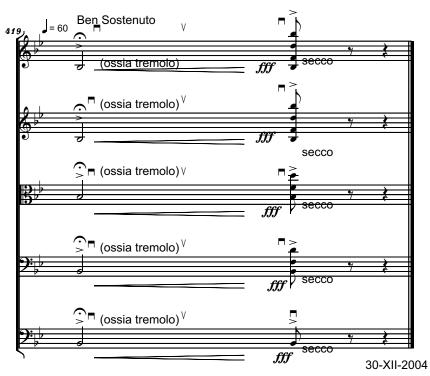








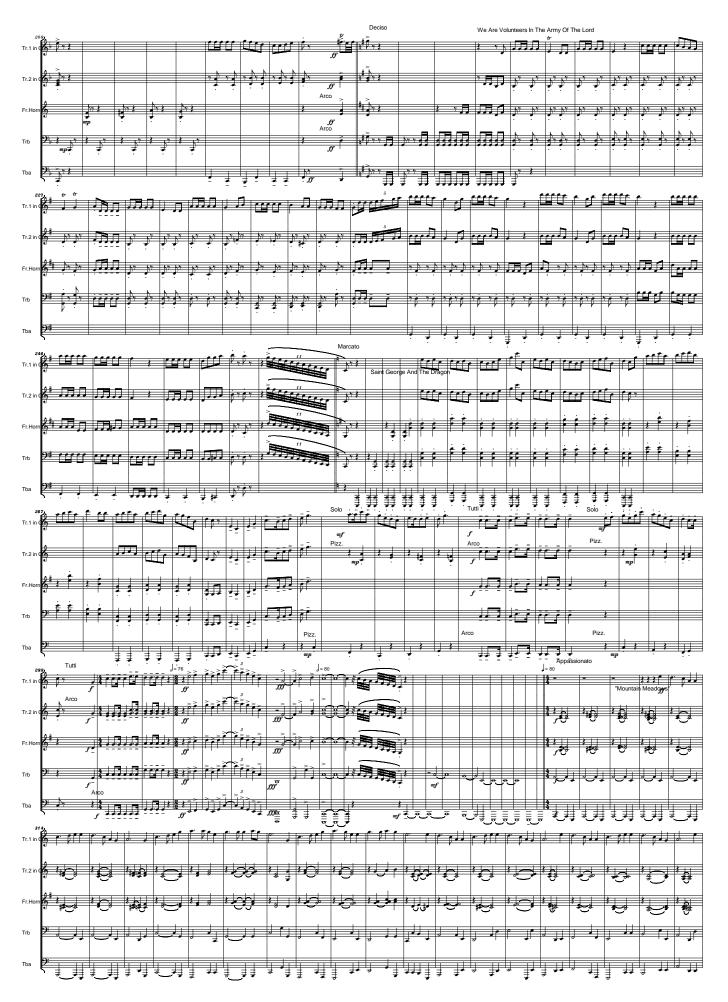


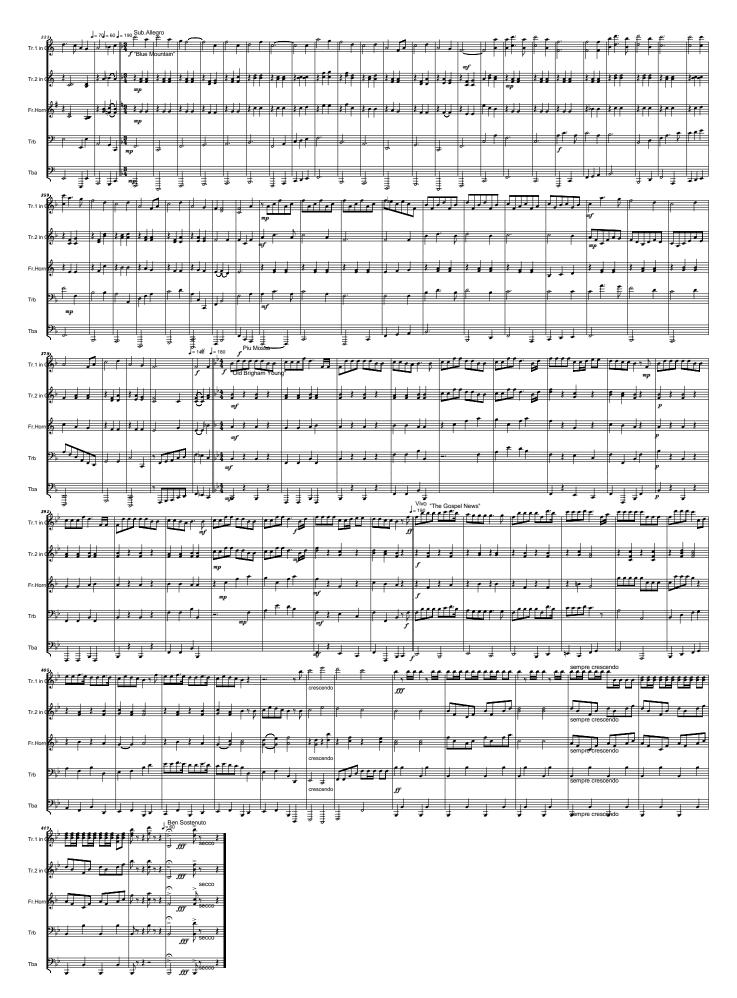












OLD MORMON SONGS for Cello Solo HOMAGE TO CRAIG HULTGREN

Sources of the Songs:
1.) "Hymns of The Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"
published by The Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
Salt Lake City, Utah 1985;
2.) "Saints of Sage and Saddle
Folklore among The Mormons"
by Austin and Alta Fife
Indiana University Press 1956,
reprinted 1966







Old Mormon Songs for Violin Solo

To DANIEL MIHAI

Serban NICHIFOR



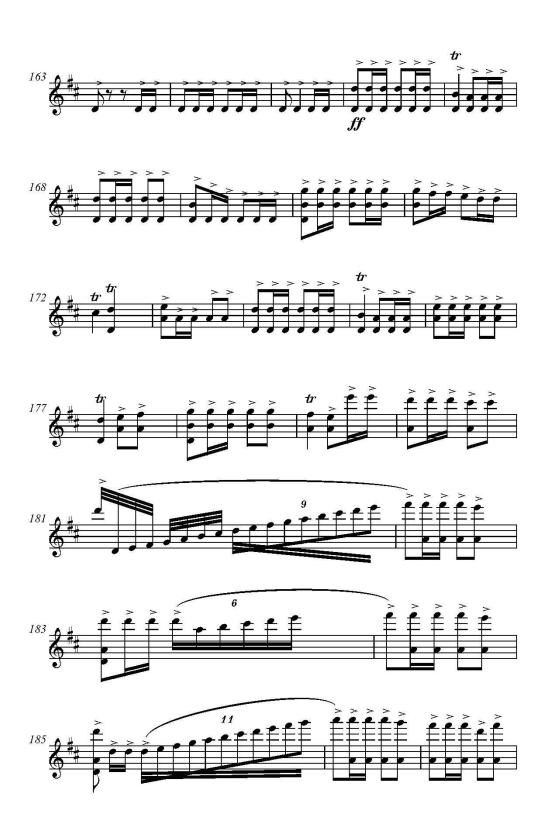
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GOD BLESS AMERICA! - "AMAZING GRACE" VARIATIONS" -

Serban Nichifor
Source of the air: "Amazing Grace"("New Britain" folk hymn from "The Southern Harmony" Book, 1835),
"Music in the New World" by Charles Hamm,
W.W. Norton & Company, New York 1983

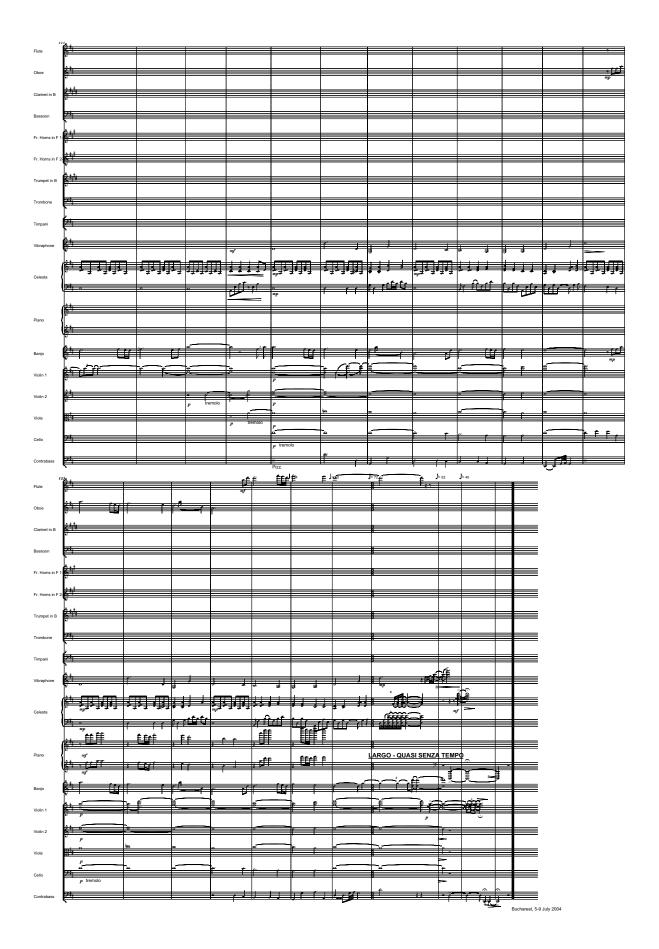












File: 01) Prologue

Glockenspiel

Violini

Serban Nichifor
TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH SMITH, THE AMERICAN PROPHET (2005)
tano
01) Prologue







02) J O Y
To The Mormon Church founder Joseph Smith, jr.
in commemoration of the anniversary of his 200th birthday in 2005.
- for Sue and Rich McClellan -





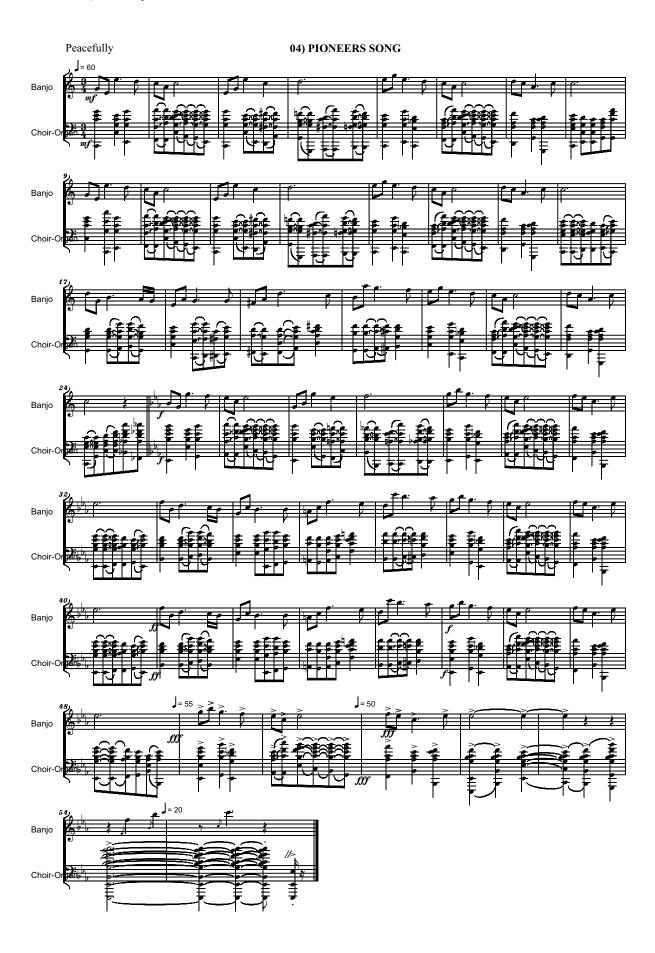


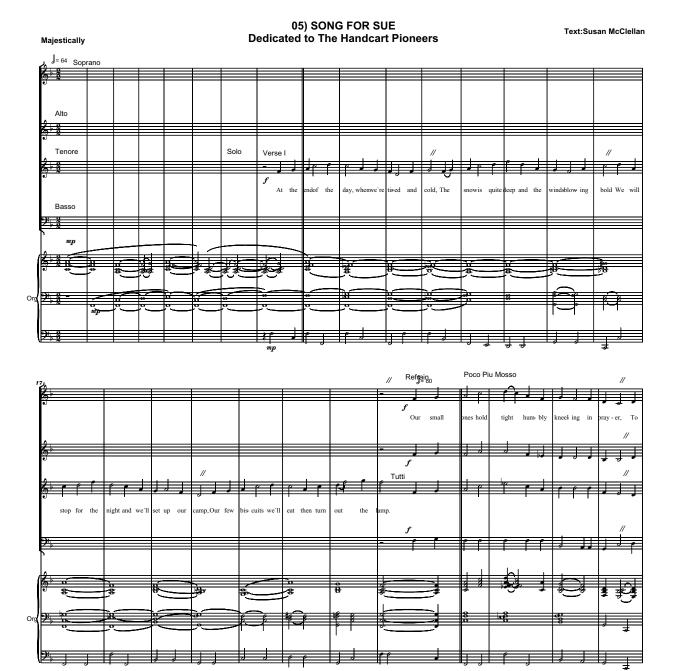


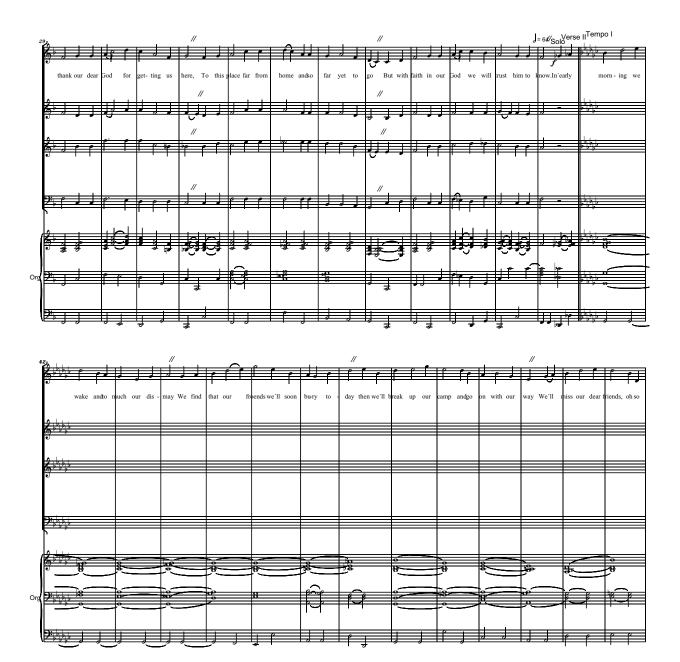


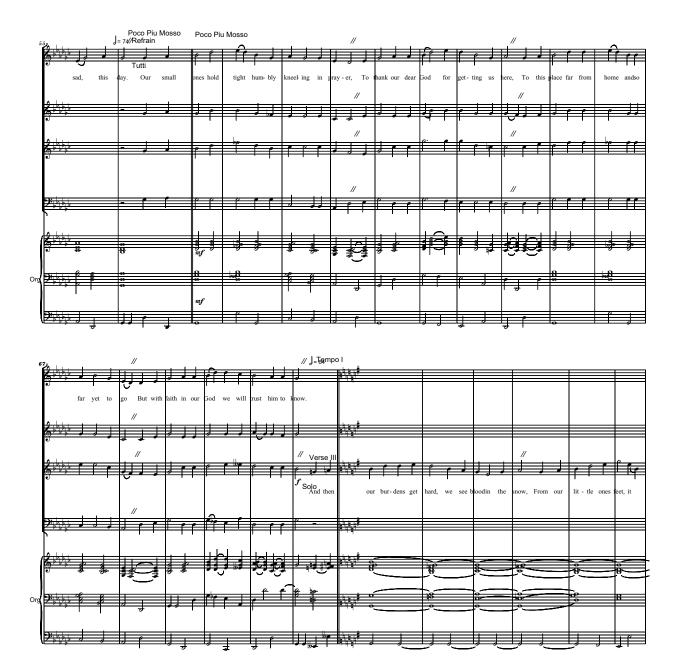


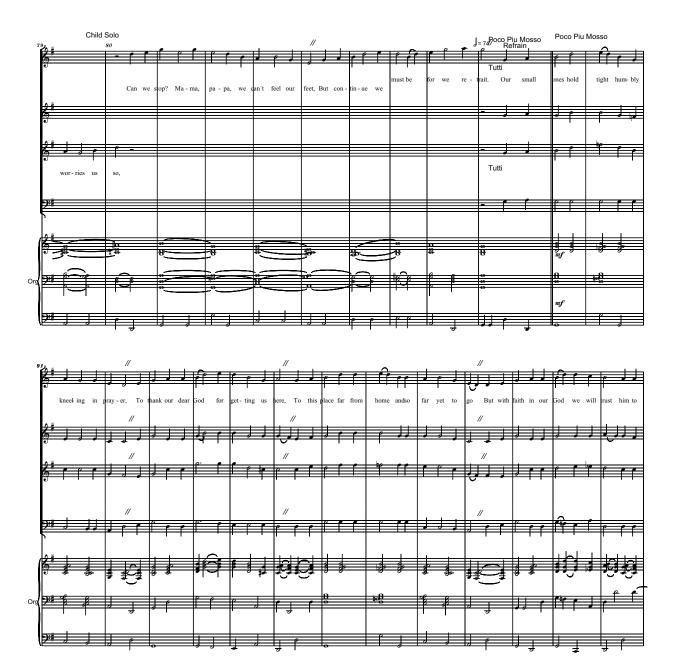


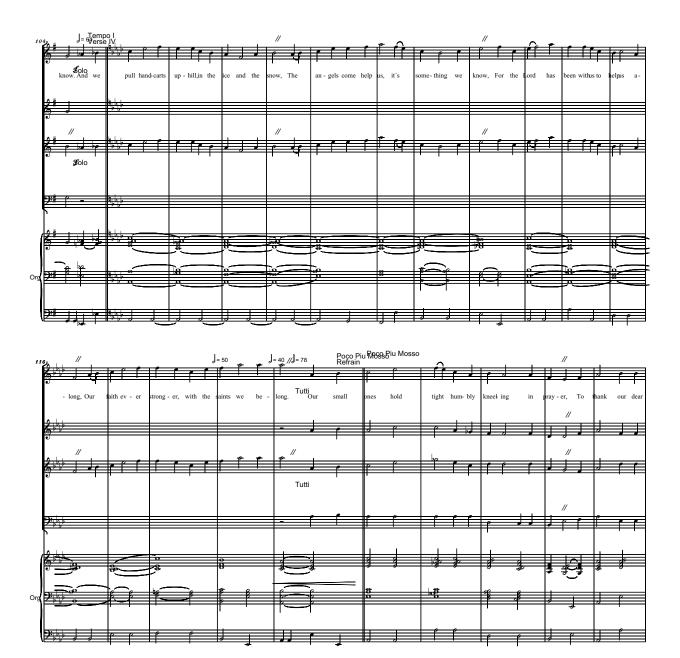




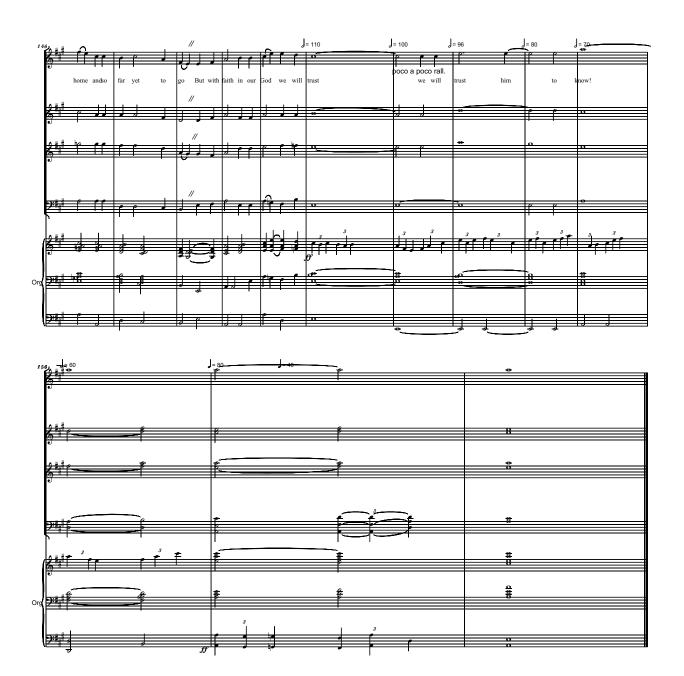


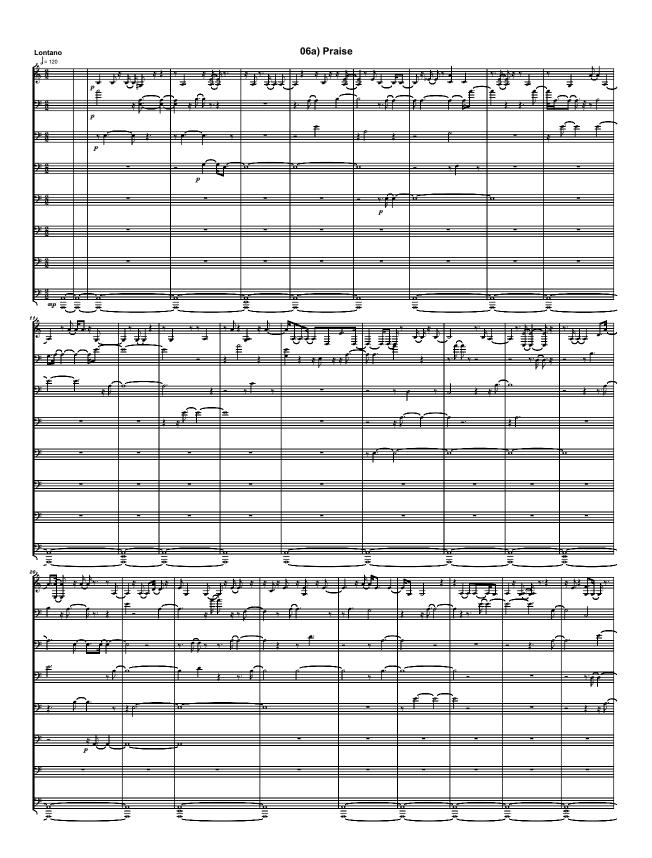


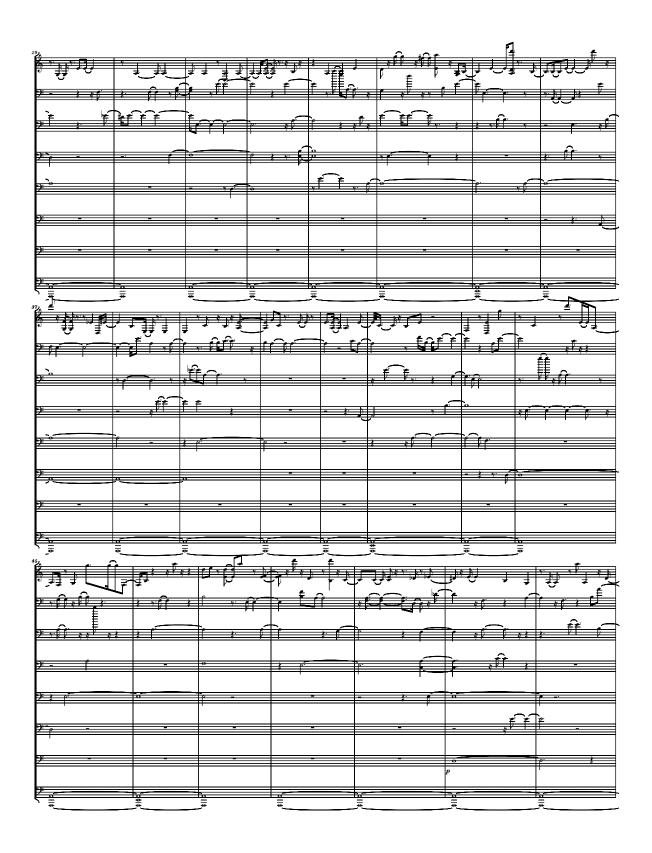






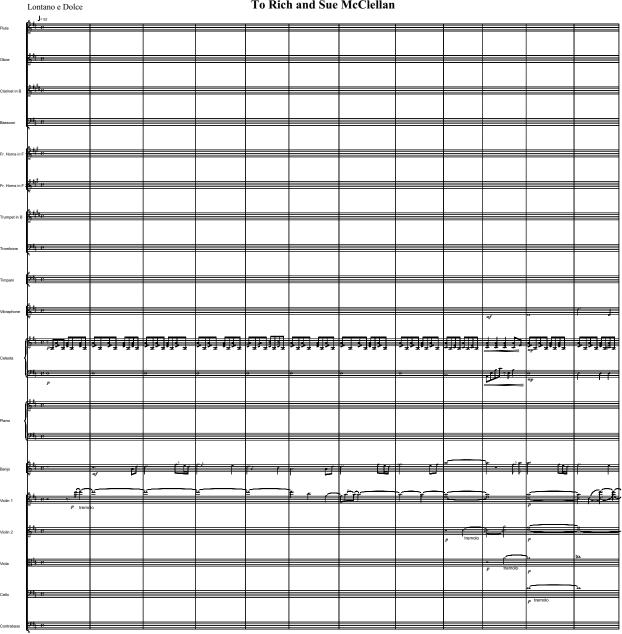


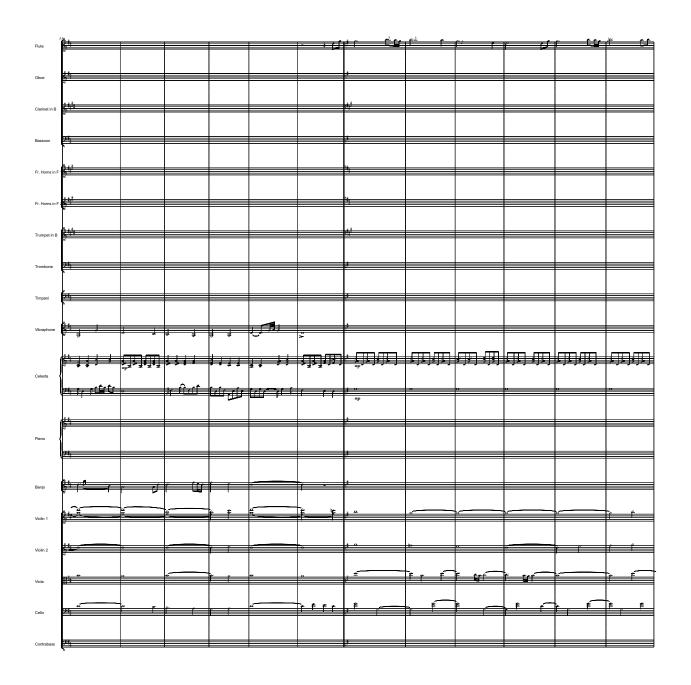


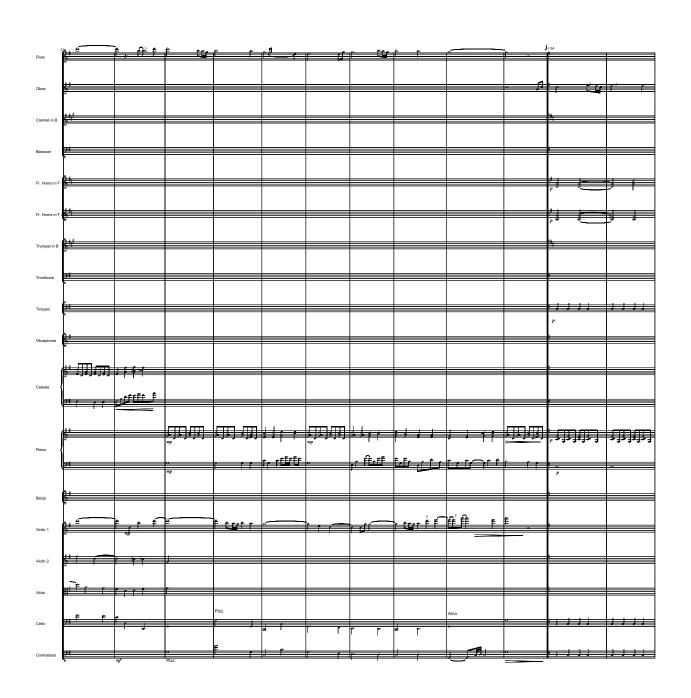


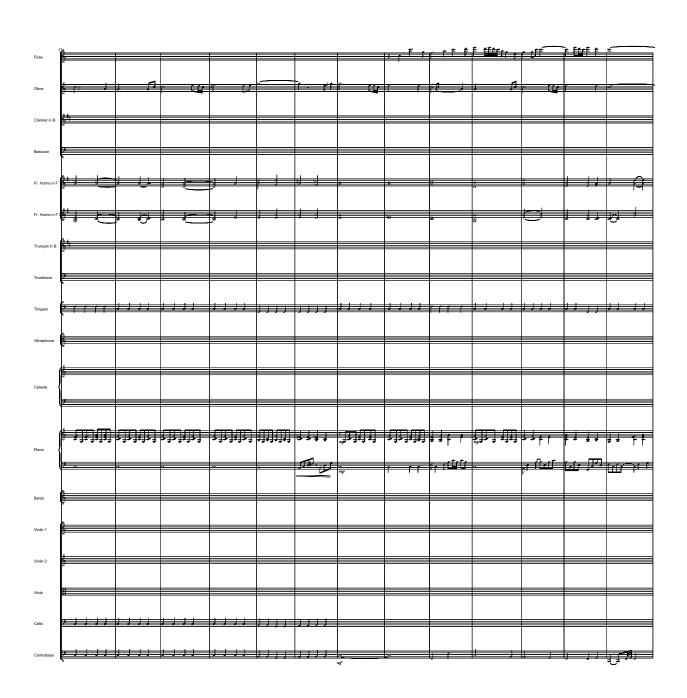


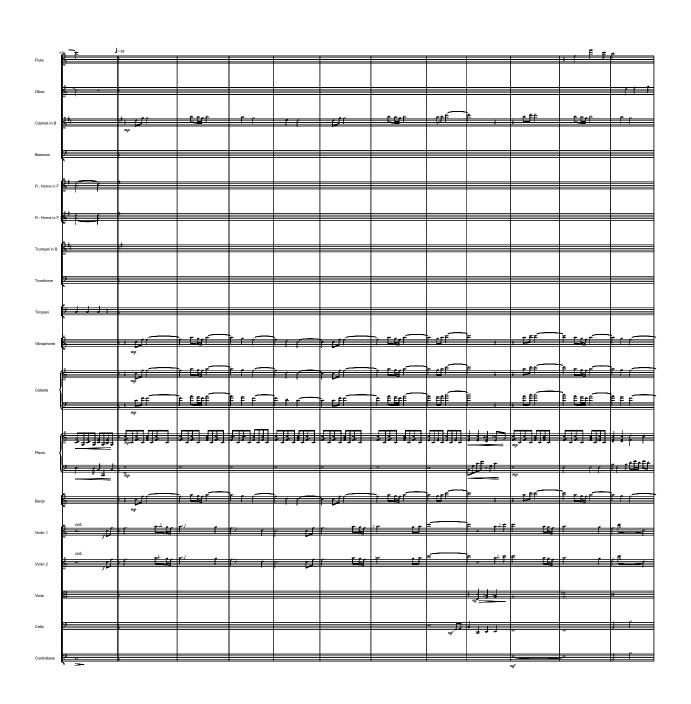
06b) Praise To The Latter-Day Pioneers - American Air To Rich and Sue McClellan

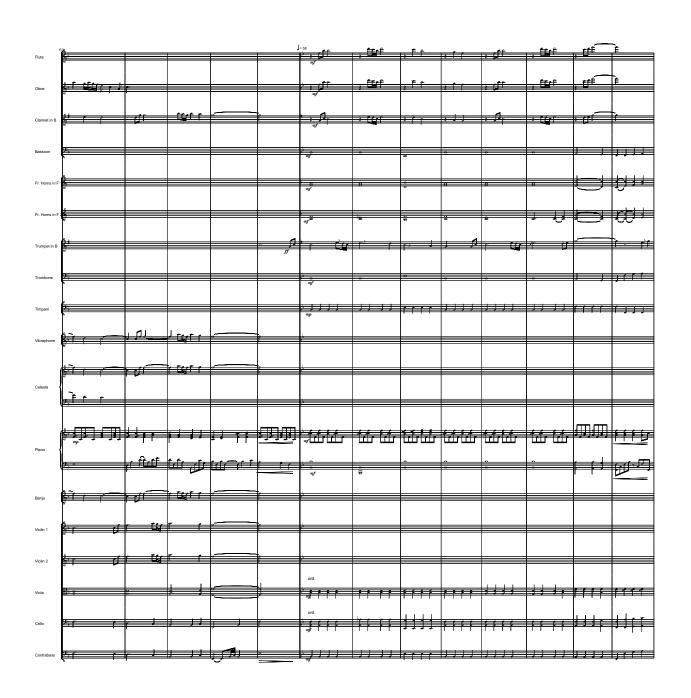


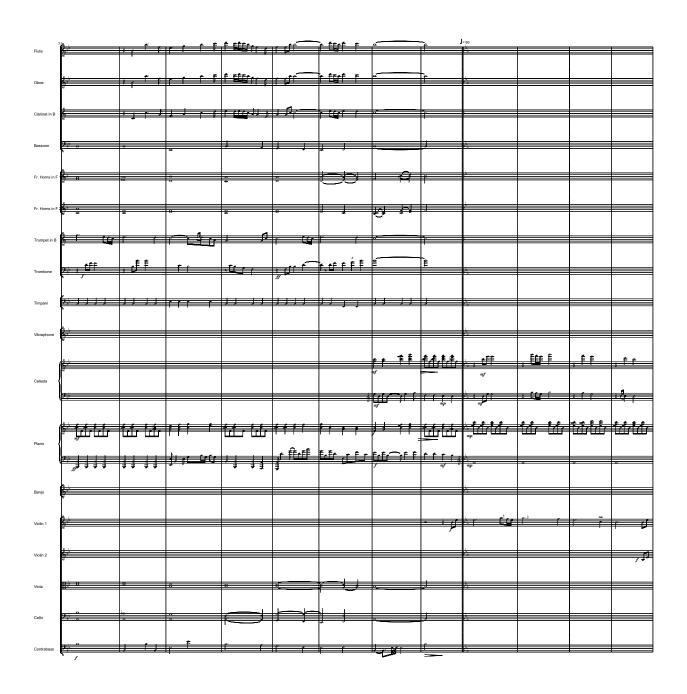


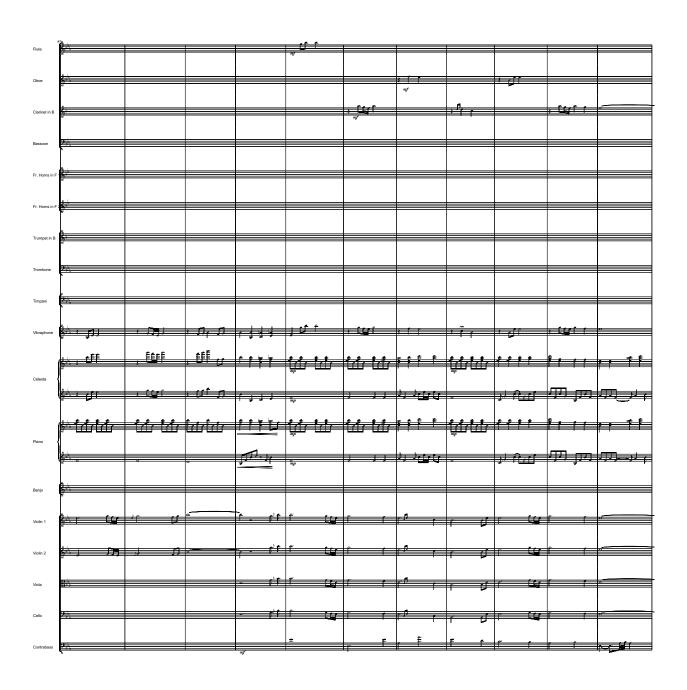


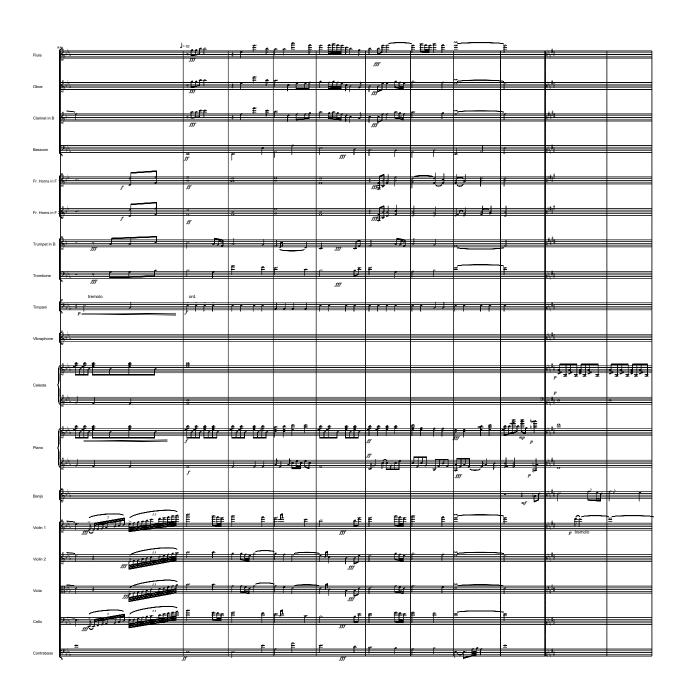


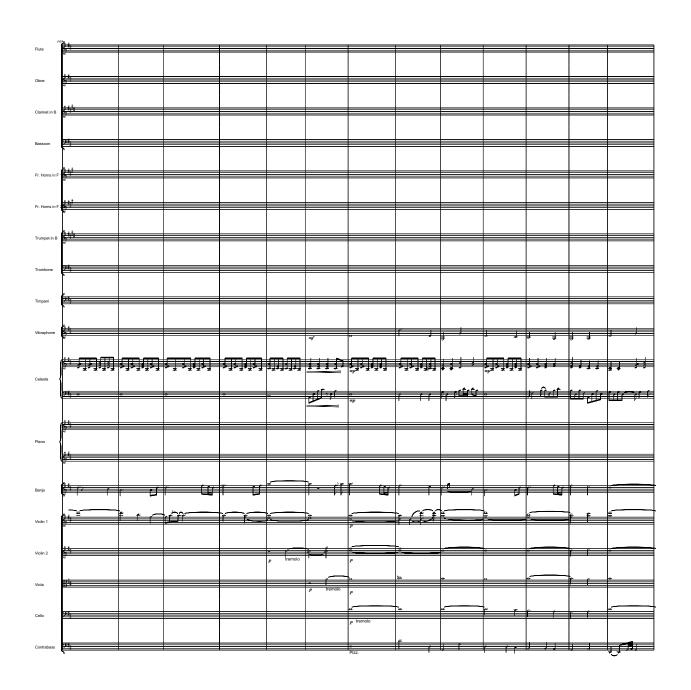




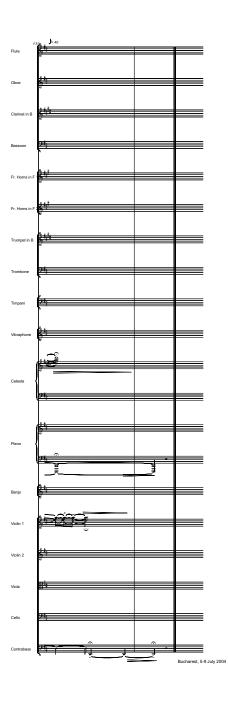


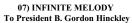


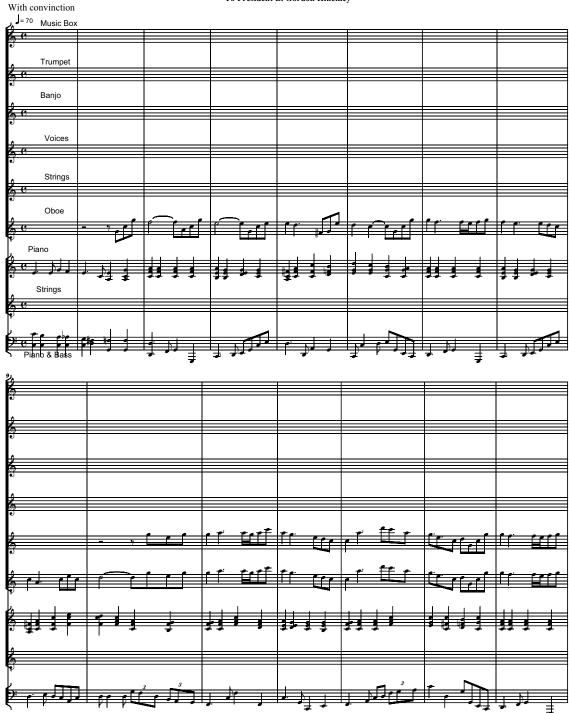








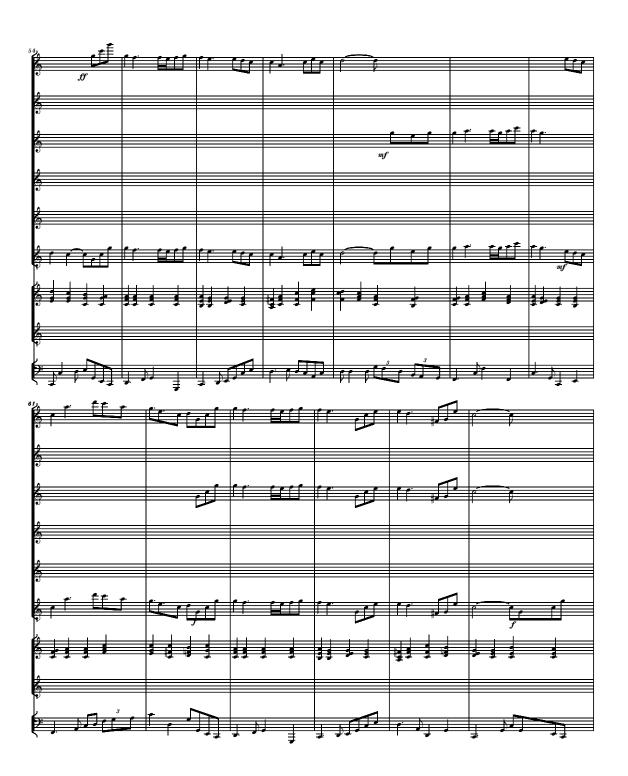










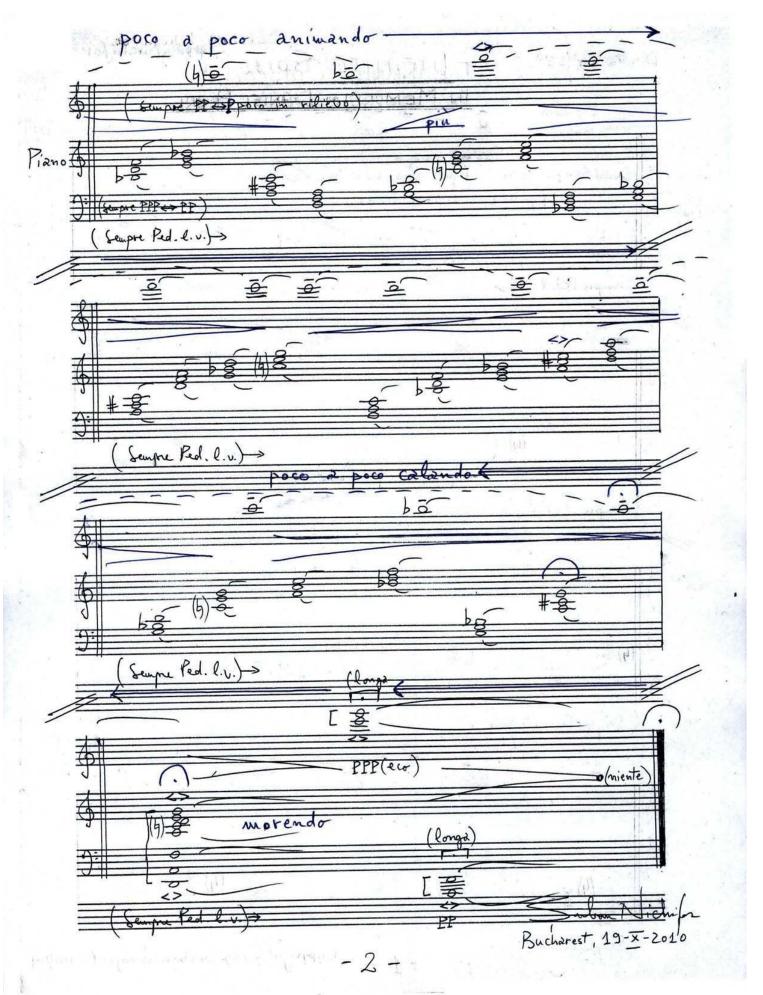
















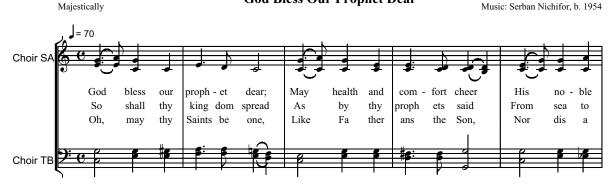


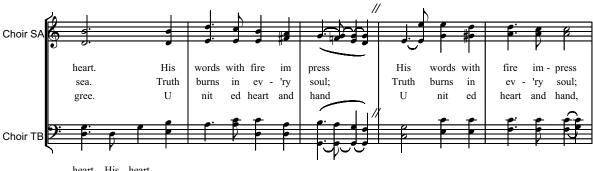


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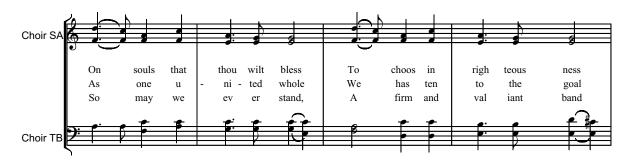
God Bless Our Prophet Dear

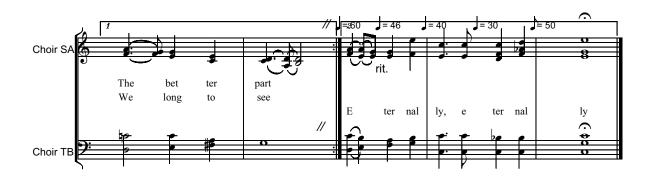
Text: Bernard Snow, 1822-1894, alt. Music: Serban Nichifor, b. 1954





heart, His heart, sea, to sea, gree, a gree,







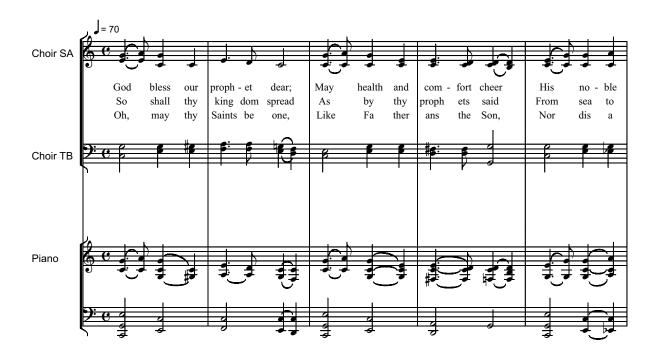


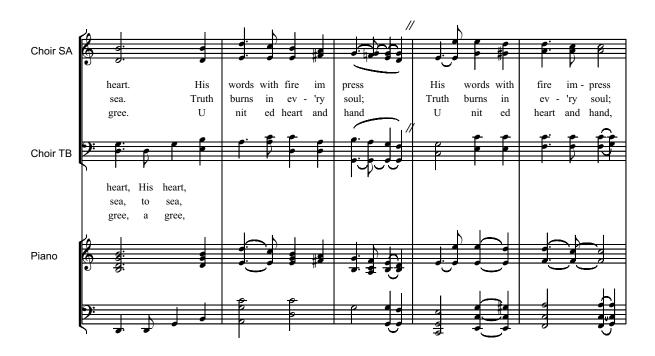
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Majestically

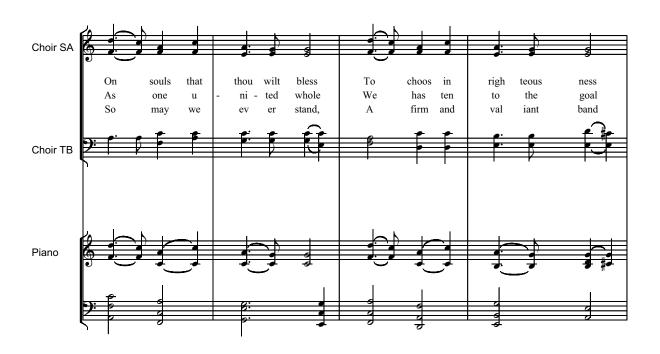
God Bless Our Prophet Dear

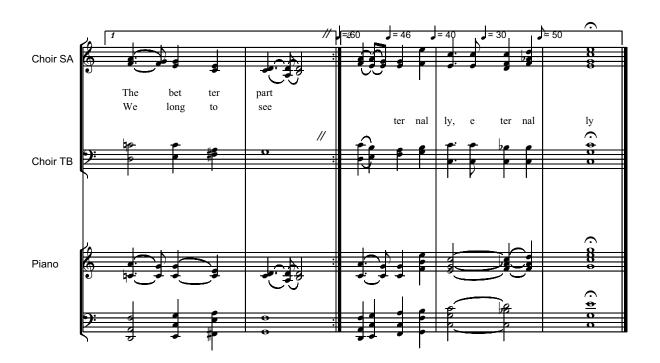
Text: Bernard Snow, 1822-1894, alt. Music: Serban Nichifor, b. 1954





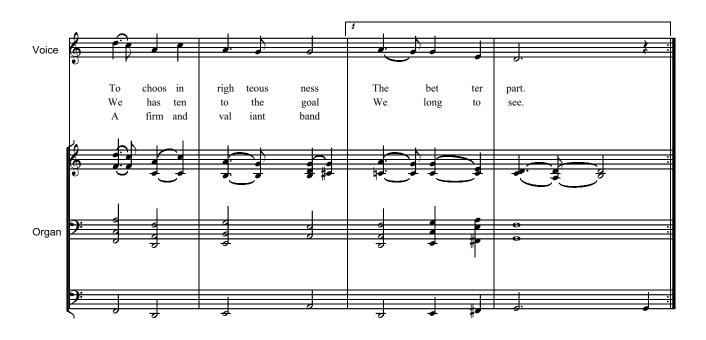
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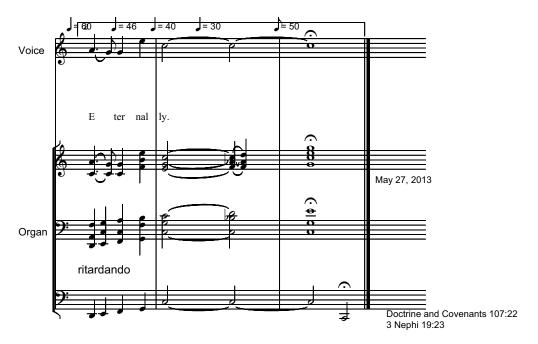




File: God







God Bless Our Prophet Dear



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Dedicated to President NED CROMAR HILL

SERBAN NICHIFOR

SONGS OF THE HEART

Variations on the LDS Church Hymns

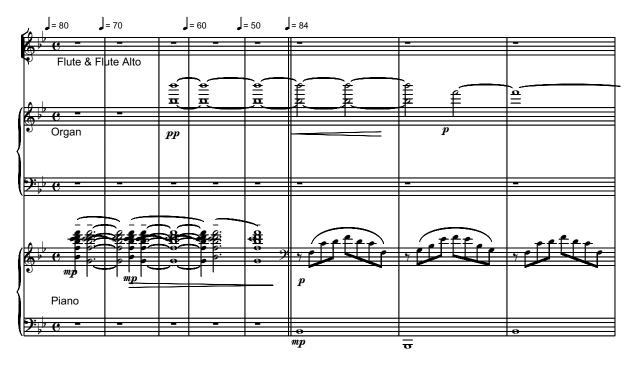
"For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads." [D&C 25:12.]

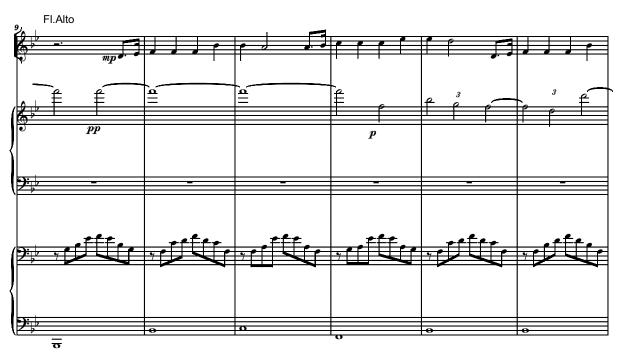
Copyright (c) 2013 by Serban Nichifor (SABAM, ASCAP)
IPI Name No 46376567
Bucharest (Romania), June 23, 2013

Variations on
"Joseph Smith's First Prayer"

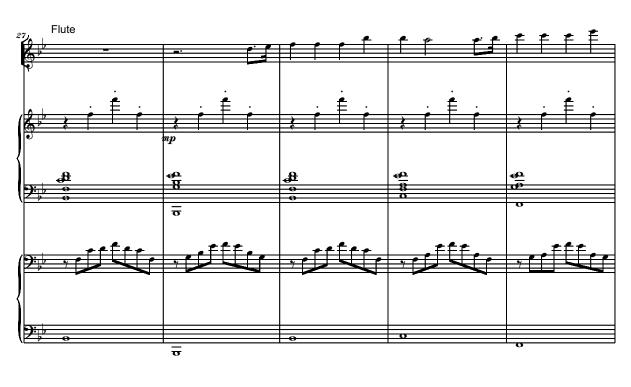
Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 22, 2013









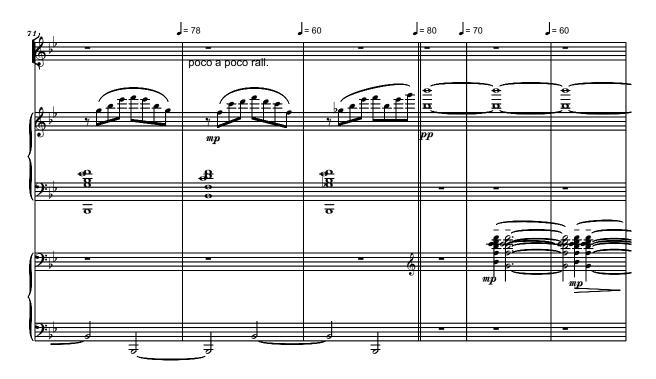














File: Mozart3h!!!

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 21, 2013

With conviction

Variations on "Come, come, Ye Saints" for Guitar, Organ and Piano





















Variations on How Great the Wisdom and the Love

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 19, 2013



1















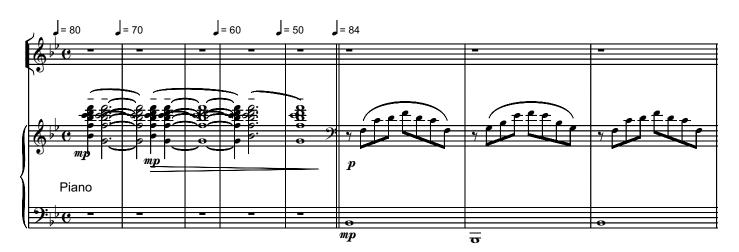


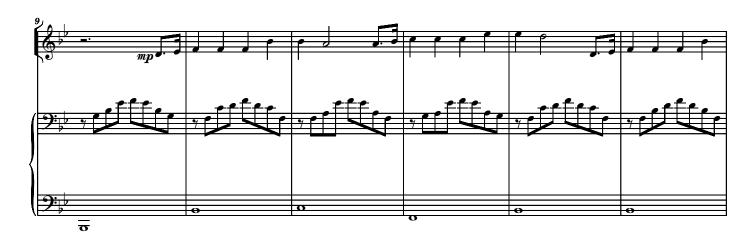


Variations on "Joseph Smith's First Prayer"

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 22, 2013

Lontano e Dolce



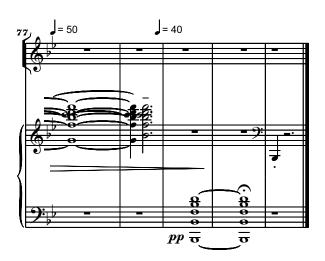












Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 21, 2013

With conviction

Variations on
"Come, come, Ye Saints"
for Guitar and Piano









Variations on How Great the Wisdom and the Love

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 19, 2013



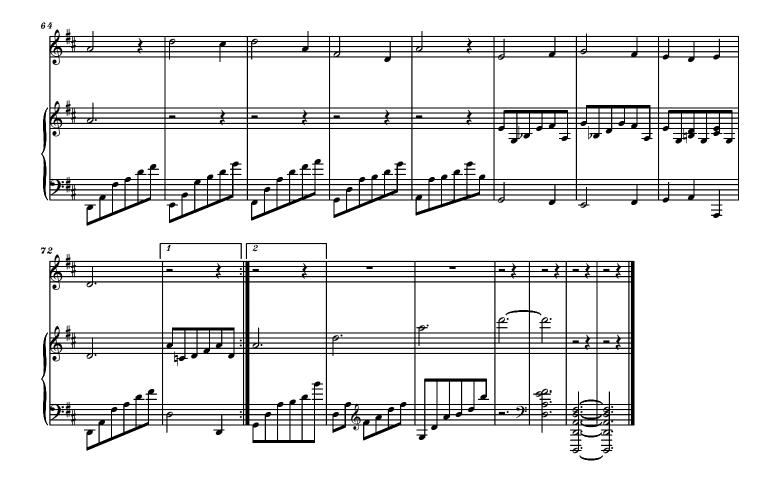






Variations on Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 19, 2013 Jesus, Once of Humble Birth Solemnly





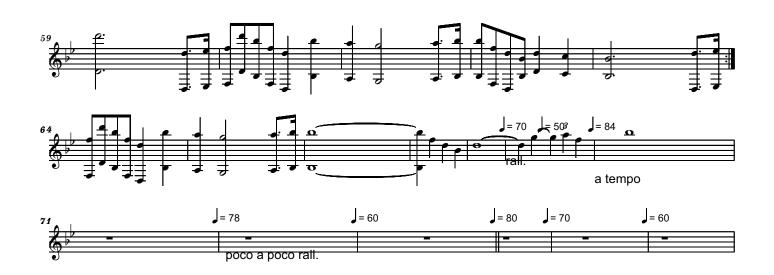
File: 2parts 159/343

Variations on "Joseph Smith's First Prayer"

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 22, 2013

Lontano e Dolce







Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 21, 2013

With conviction

Variations on
"Come, come, Ye Saints"
for Guitar and Piano





Variations on How Great the Wisdom and the Love

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 19, 2013





165/343 Variations on

Variations on Jesus, Once of Humble Birth

Serban Nichifor (SABAM) In Memory of Liana Alexandra June 19, 2013

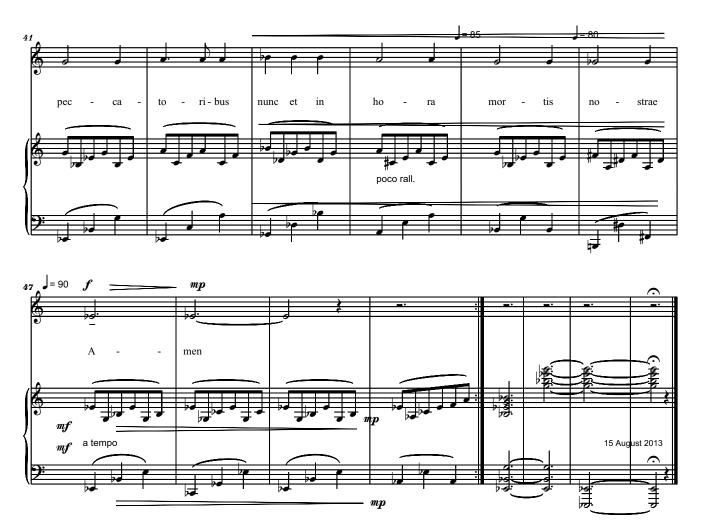
Solemnly



To my Mother





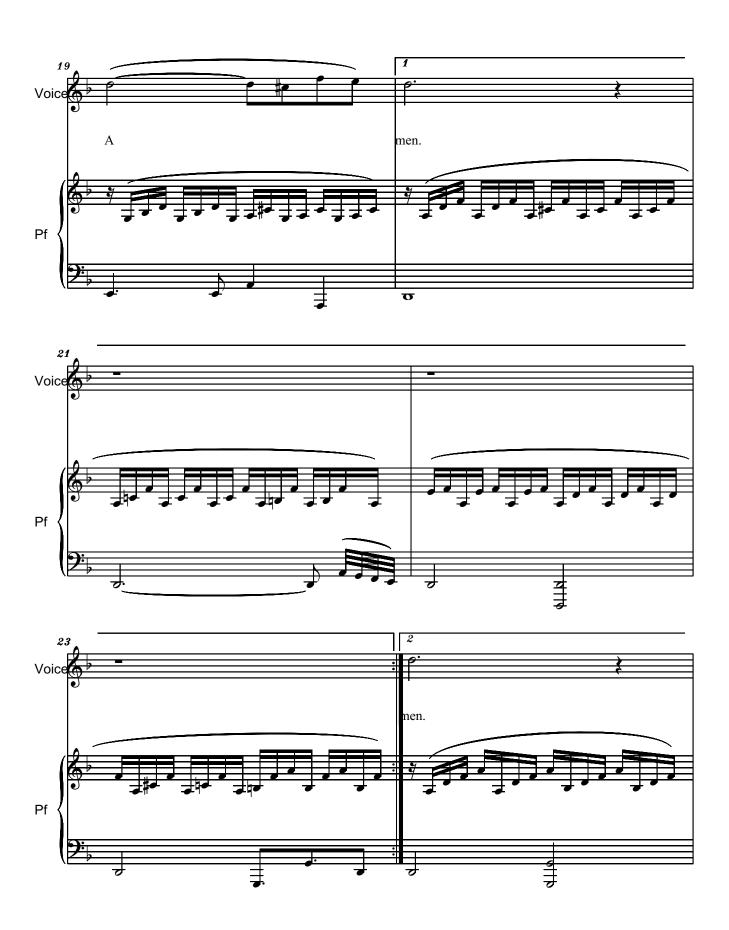


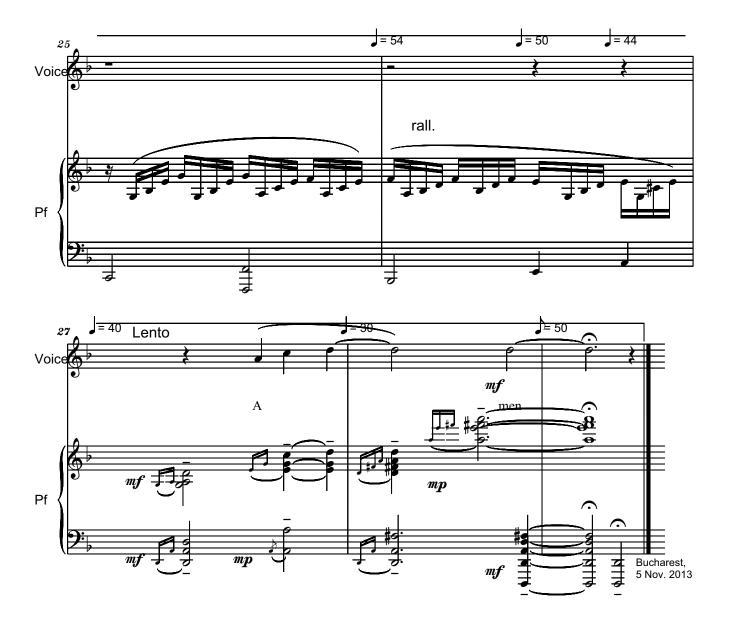
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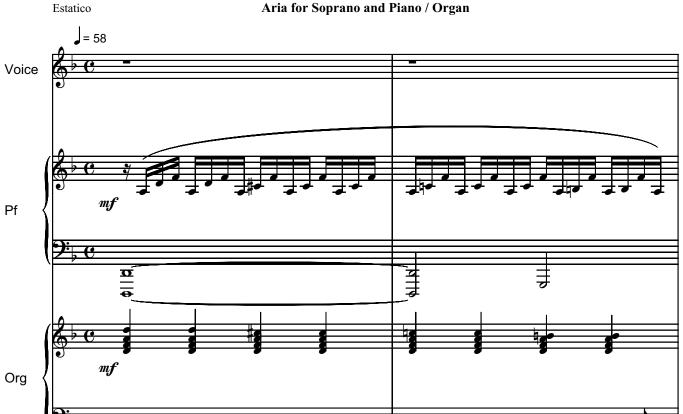


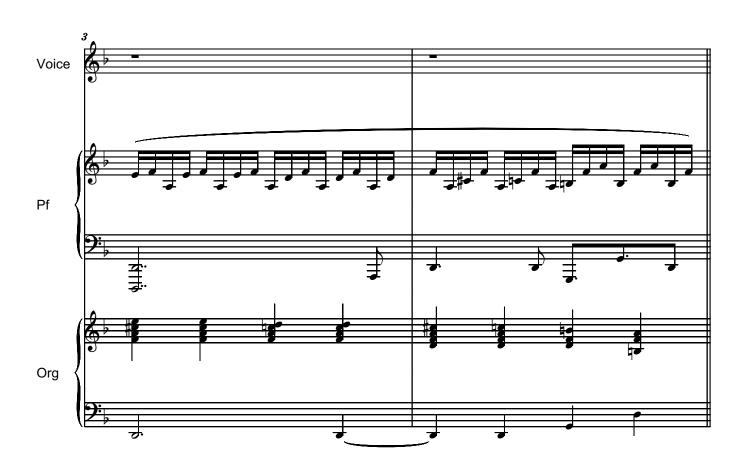


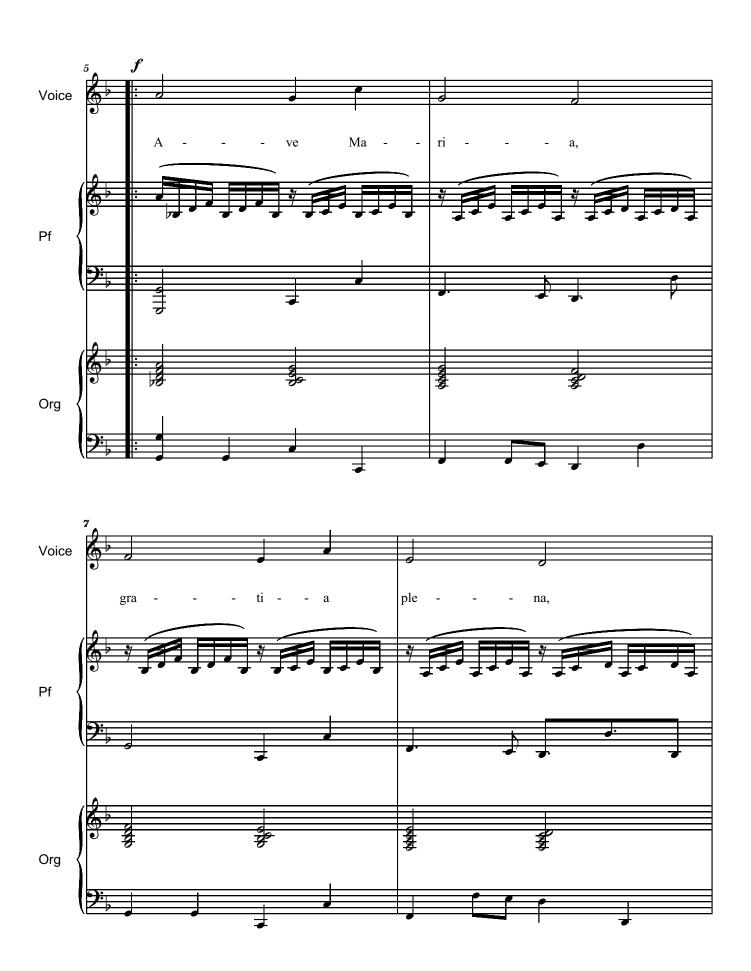
174/343
In Memory of my very dear Liana Alexandra **AVE MARIA**

Serban Nichifor

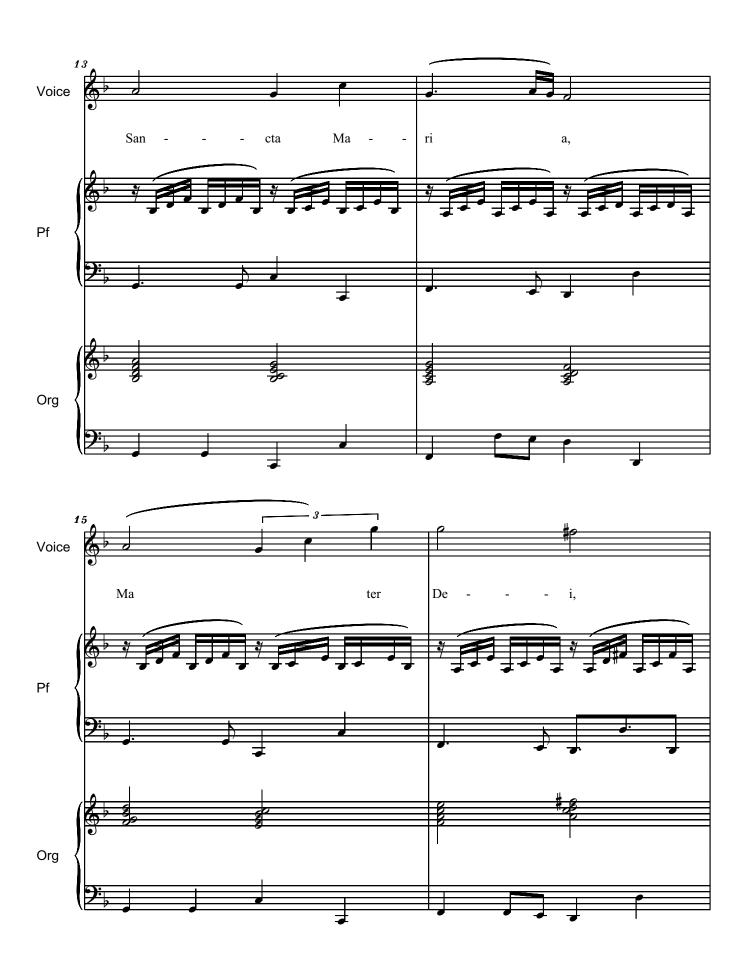


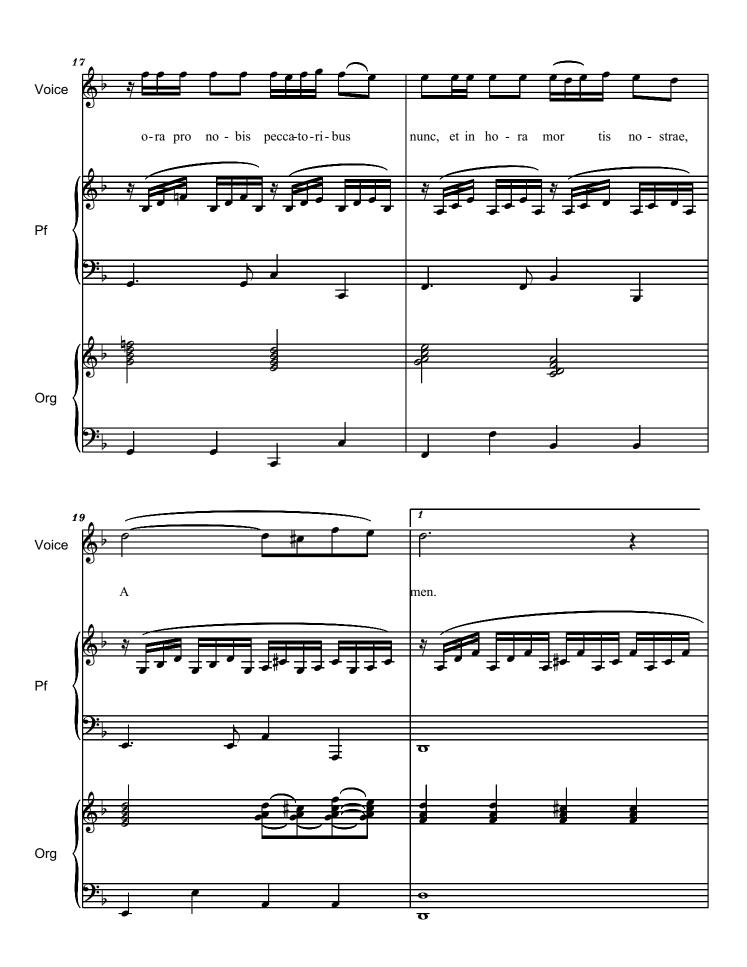


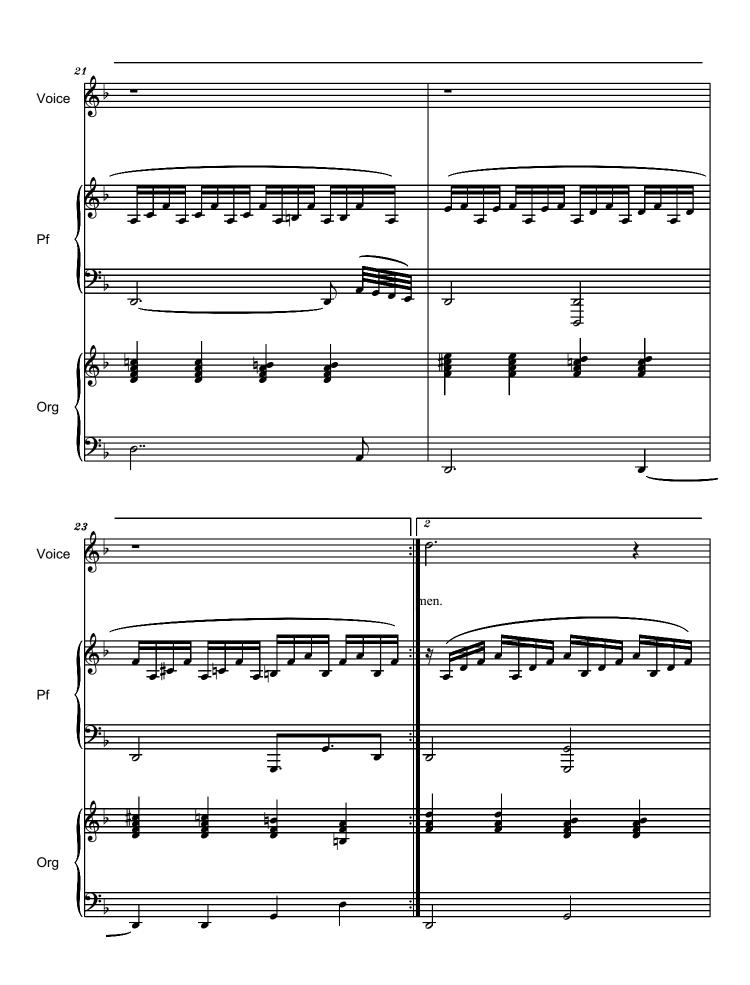


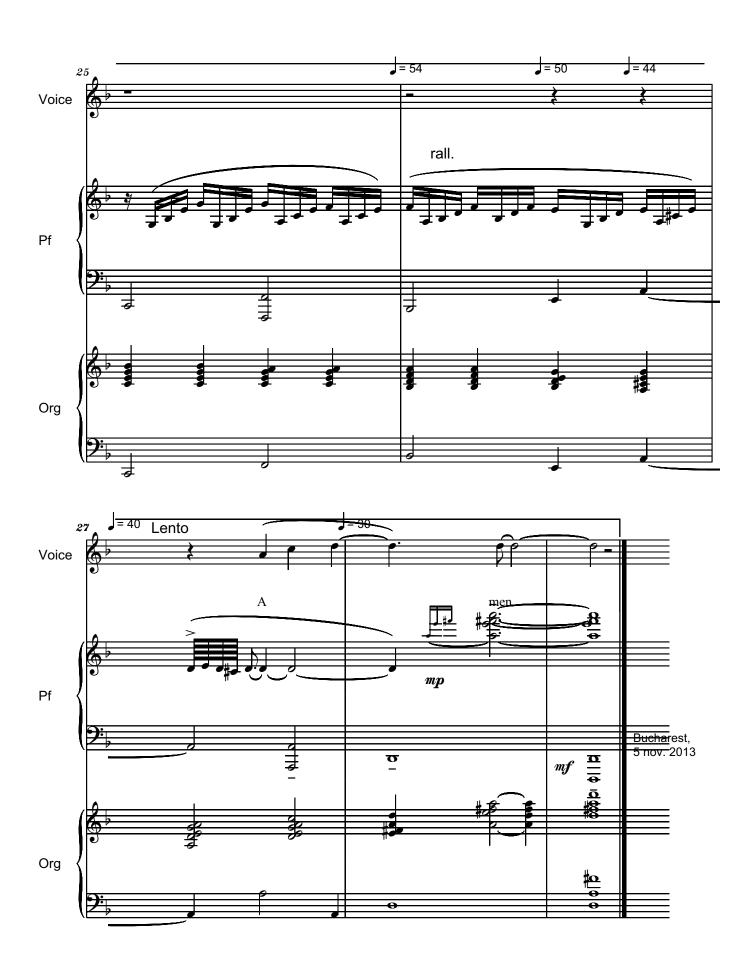












SERBAN NICHIFOR

(15 August 2014)

EXODUS

My Last Will And Testament

In Memory

Benjamin Fondane and Liana Alexandra

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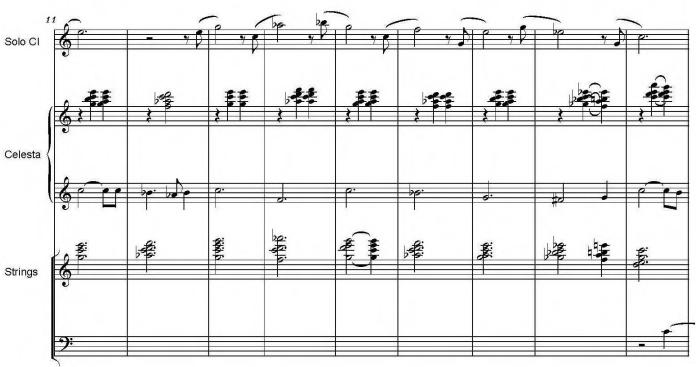
- I.) Lontano Waltz page 1
- II.) EXODUS, poem by BENJAMIN FONDANE page 4
- III.) WHEN YEHOVAH CREATED THE UNIVERSE, poem BENJAMIN FONDANE page 48
- IV.) Waltz 01 page 52
- V.) Waltz 02 page 61
- VI. *Waltz 03* page 82
- VII.) Cathedral Nature page 91
- VIII.) Song Without Words page 96
- IX.) Lontano Waltz page 98

LONTANO WALTZ for Solo Clarinet, Celesta and Strings - score in C -

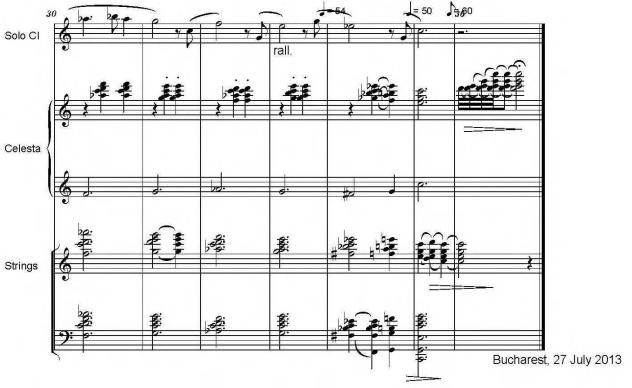
Lento e Lontano, Quasi Senza Tempo

Serban Nichifor









II EXODUS

Super Flumina Babylonis

poem by

BENJAMIN FONDANE

BENJAMIN FONDANE / BENJAMIN FUNDOIANU

Exodus: Super Flumina Babylonis

(Preface)

It is to you I speak, antipodal men,

I speak man to man,

with the little in me of man that remains,
with the scrap of voice left in my throat,
my blood lies upon the roads, let it not, let it

not cry out for vengeance!

The death-note is sounded, the beasts hunted down,

let me speak to you with these very words

that have been our share-

few intelligible ones remain.

A day will come, surely, of thirst appeased,

we will be beyond memory, death

will have finished the works of hate,

I will be a clump of nettles beneath your feet,

-ah, then, know that I had a face

like you. A mouth that prayed, like you.

When a bit of dust, or a dream,

entered my eye, this eye shed its drop of salt. And when

a cruel thorn raked my skin

the blood flowed red as your own!

Yes, exactly like you I was cruel, I

yearned for tenderness, for power,

for gold, for pleasure and pain.

Like you I was mean and anguished,
solid in peacetime, drunk in victory,
and staggering, haggard, in the hour of failure.

Yes, I was a man like other men,
nourished on bread, on dreams, on despair. Oh, yes,
I loved, I wept, I hated, I suffered,
I bought flowers and did not always
pay my rent. Sundays I went to the country
to cast for unreal fish under the eye of God,

I bathed in the river

that sang among the rushes and I ate fried potatoes in the evening. And afterwards, I came back for bedtime tired, my heart weary and full of loneliness,

full of pity for myself,

full of pity for man,

searching, searching vainly upon a woman's belly

for that impossible peace we lost

some time ago, in a great orchard where,

flowering, at the center,

is the tree of life.

Like you I read all the papers, all the bestsellers, and I have understood nothing of the world and I have understood nothing of man, though it often happened that I affirmed

the contrary.

And when death, when death came, maybe

I pretended to know what it was, but now truly

I can tell you at this hour,

it has fully entered my astonished eyes,

astonished to understand so littlehave you understood more than I?

And yet, no!

I was not a man like you.

You were not born on the roads, no one threw your little ones like blind kittens

into the sewer,

you did not wander from city to city

hunted by the police,

you did not know the disasters of daybreak,

the cattle cars

and the bitter sob of abasement,
accused of a wrong you did not do,
of a murder still without a cadaver,
changing your name and your face,
so as not to bear a jeered-at name,
a face that has served for all the world
as a spittoon.

A day will come, no doubt, when this poem will find itself before your eyes. It asks

nothing! Forget it, forget it! It is nothing but a scream, that cannot fit in a perfect poem. Have I even time to finish it? But when you trample on this bunch of nettles that had been me, in another century, in a history that you will have canceled, remember only that I was innocent and that, like all of you, mortals of this day, I had, I too had a face marked by rage, by pity and joy, an ordinary human face! [By the rivers of Babylon...] By the rivers of Babylon we bent down and we wept but our jailers said: Sing for us, Israel! Your eyelids are already heavy Your expression already drowned, it rushes away sing us a song If you remember the country where you had songs for rocking children to sleep for beguiling serpents for women at the loom

for the laundresses at work

for the Sabbath candles

for the miracles of bread

for the blessing over the wine

for the works and the days

for the aches and the weeks...

We have songs for drunkards

and songs for our idols

for the sailor's goddess

for the priestess of Fate

soldier-songs if anyone has them

songs as beautiful as eggs are round

Then sing us your songs!

from "Meantime"

V

I reckoned you all

yesterday's civilians, bookkeepers, shop owners, farmers

and factory workers and beggars whose nest

is under the bridges of Notre-Dame

and vergers of the sacristy and sons of the Public

Assistance, all the French of France, with clear eyes,

and from the Congo, from the Algerian interior, from Annam

with palm trees hovering in your gaze

and the French of the islands of the Caribbean,

French according to the Rights of Man,

children of the barricade and the guillotine,

republicans, the incorruptible front, the free,

and the Czechs, and the Poles, the Slovaks,
and the Jews from all the ghettos of the world,
who love this land and her shades and her rivers,
who have sown this land with their deaths
and who have become citizens, in death.

XVI

We lay our swollen faces

--it was over-in the ditch

--it was over-and we slept

like dead men under rancid stars.

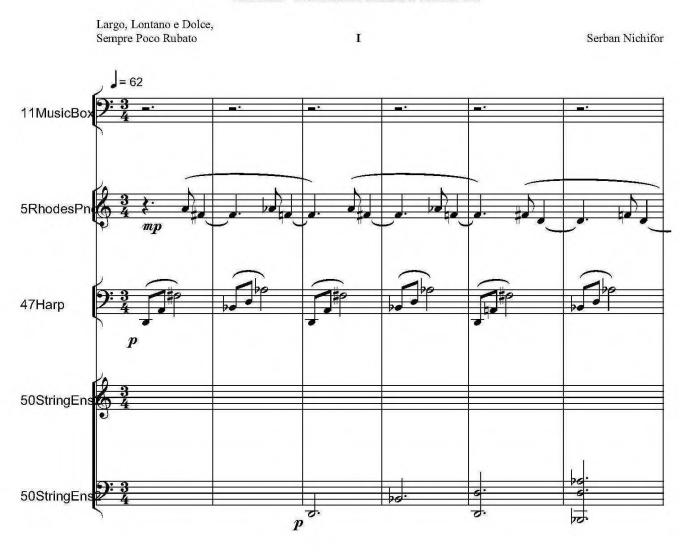
There wasn't anything to say

or do or eat or dream

--and the dawn was a dirty stream

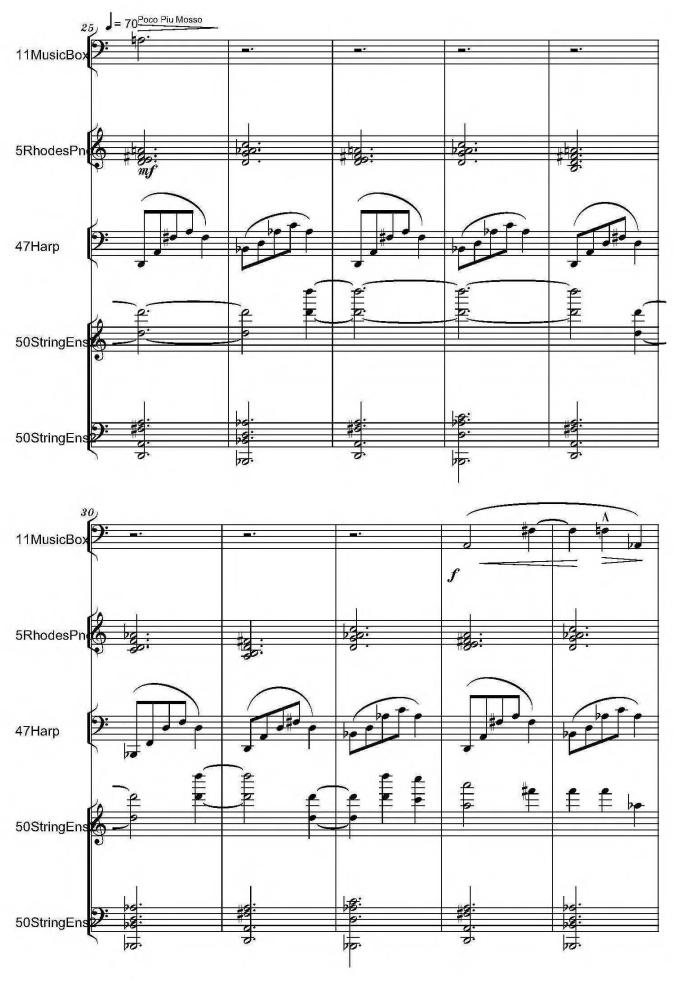
that swept a shattered world away.

EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE



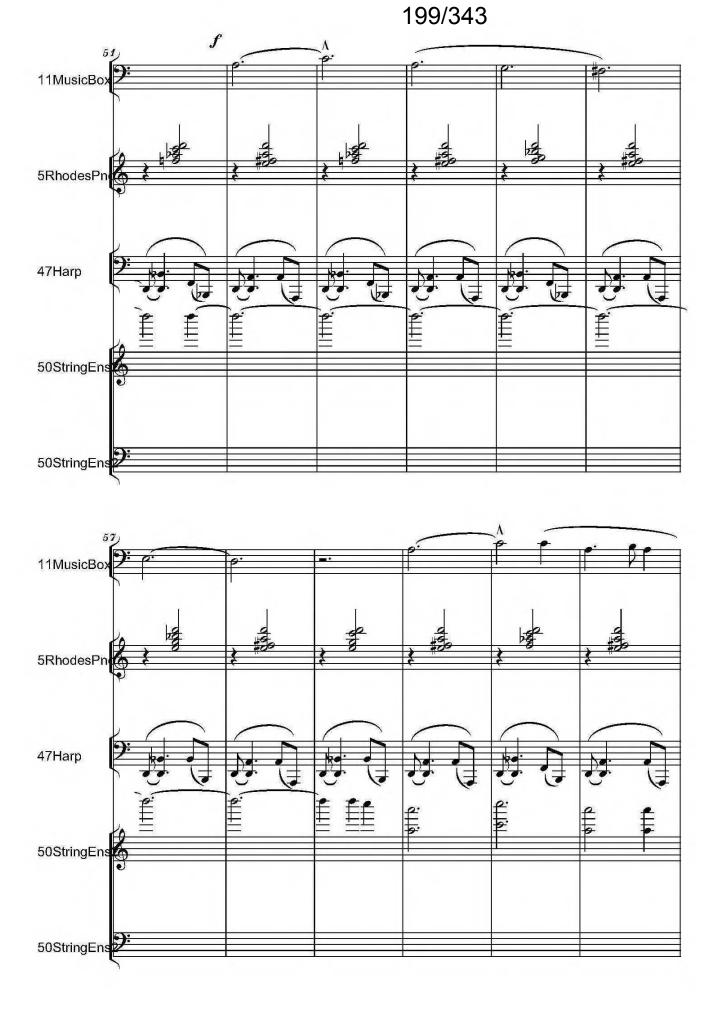


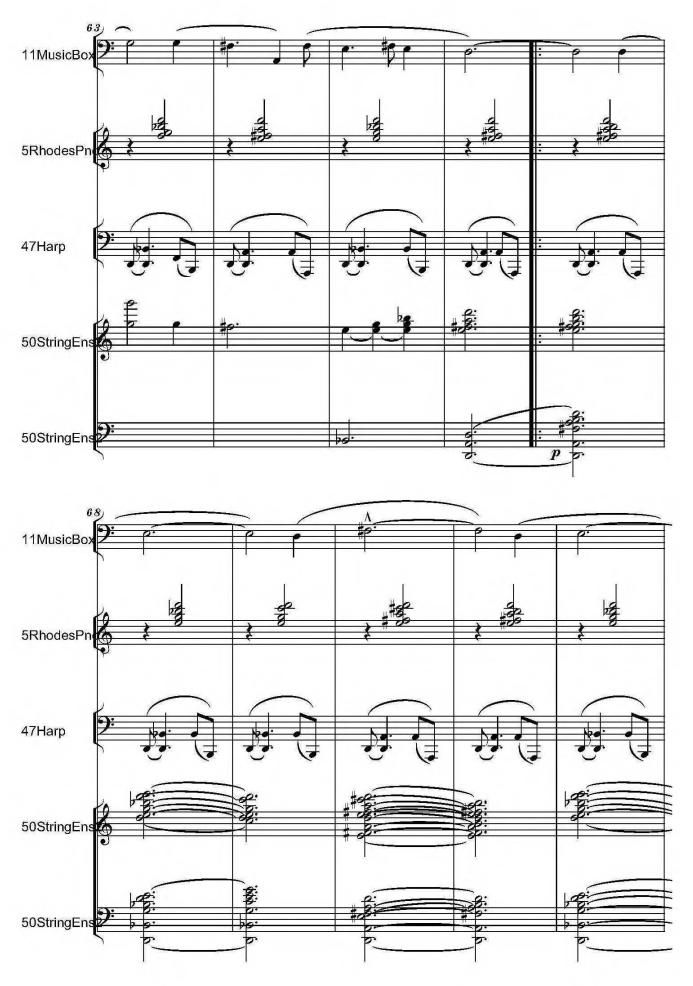


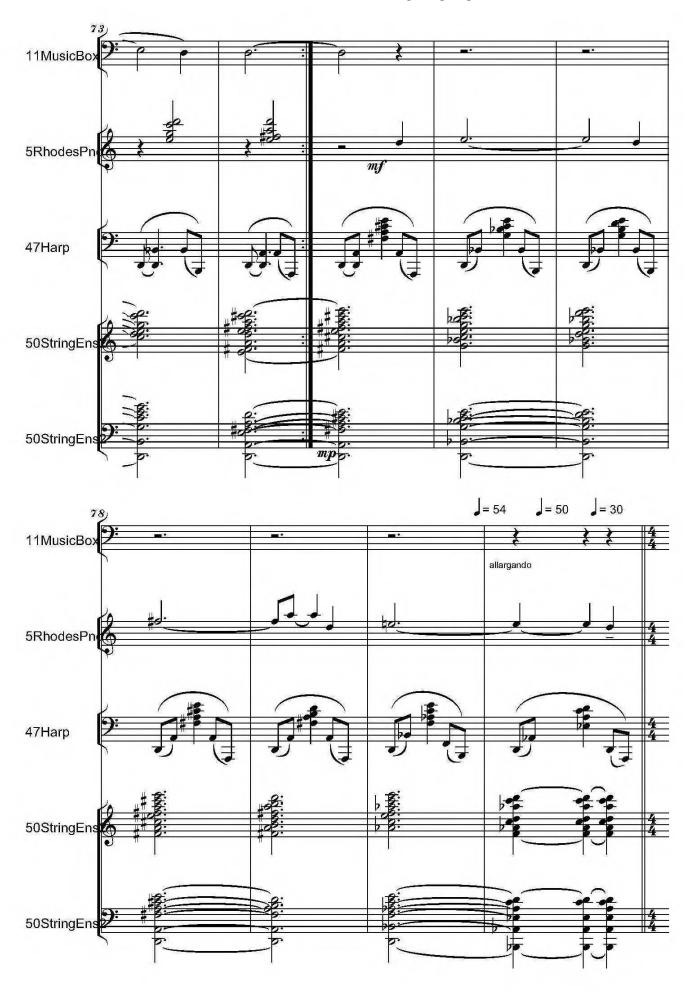


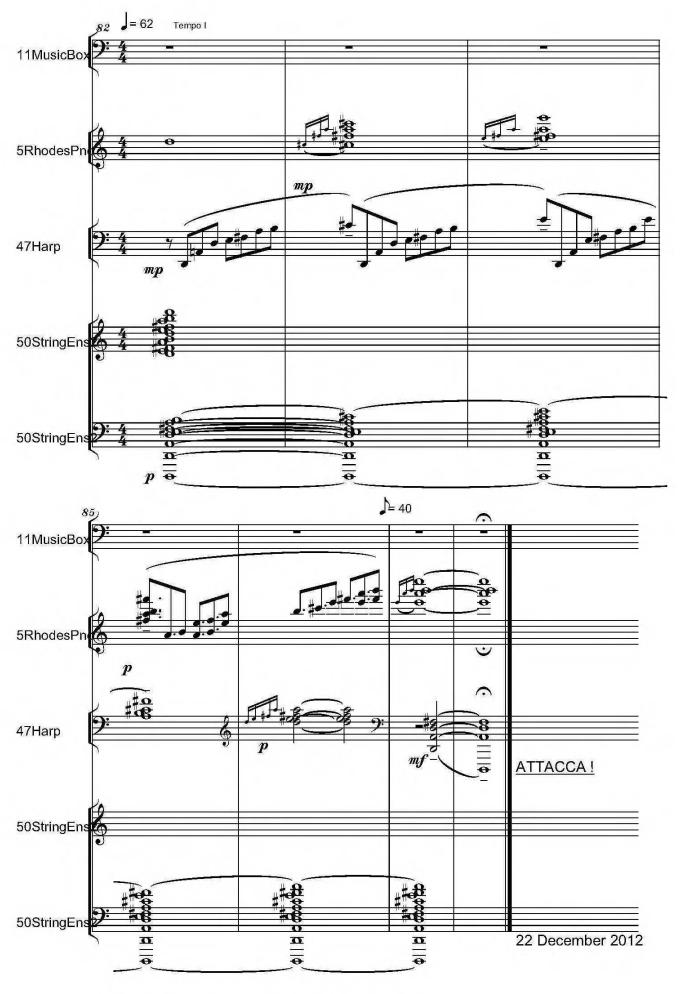




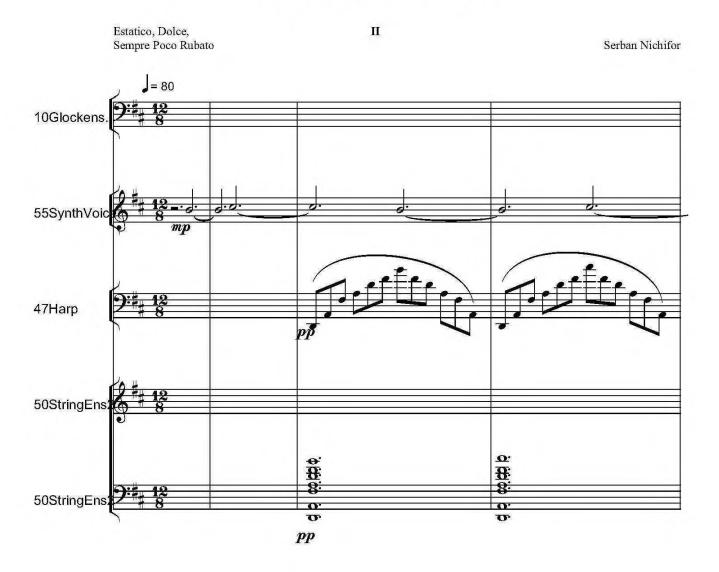


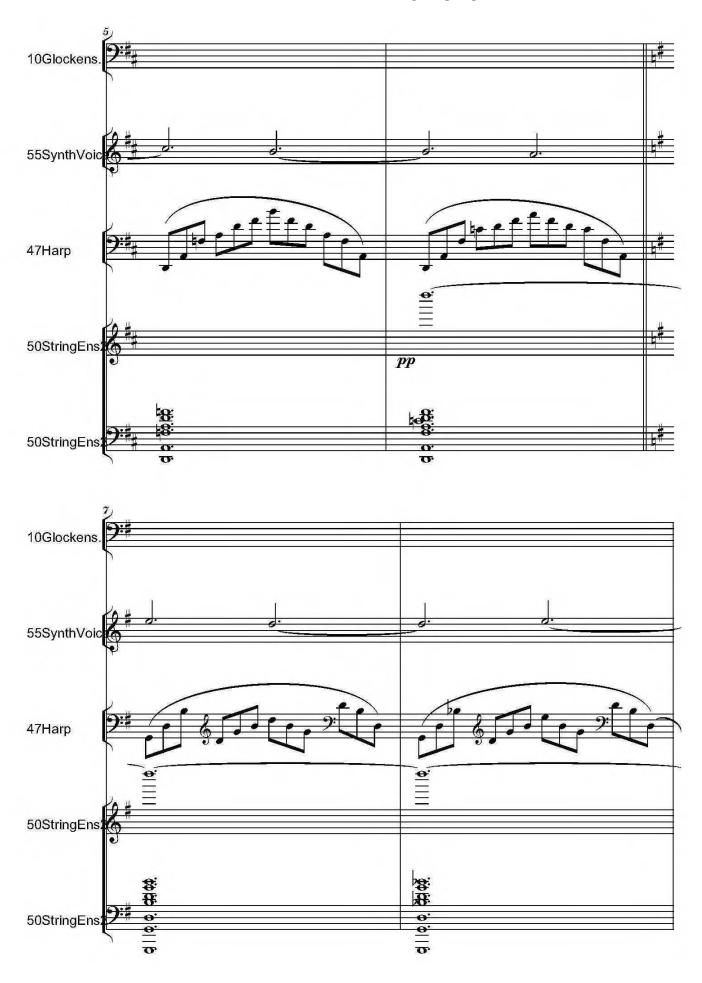


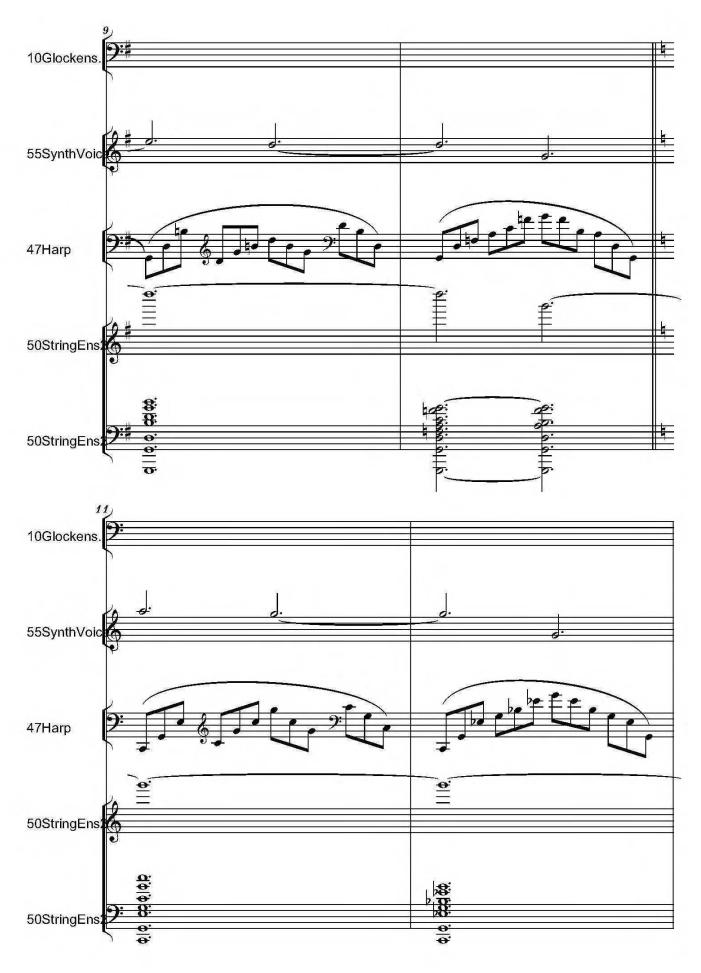




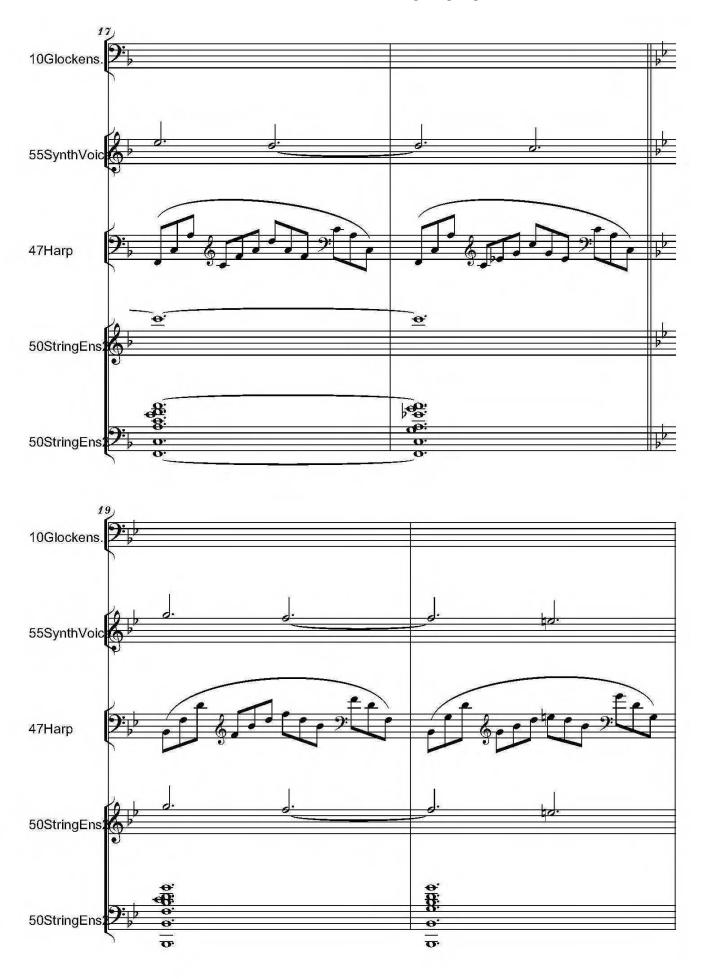
EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE











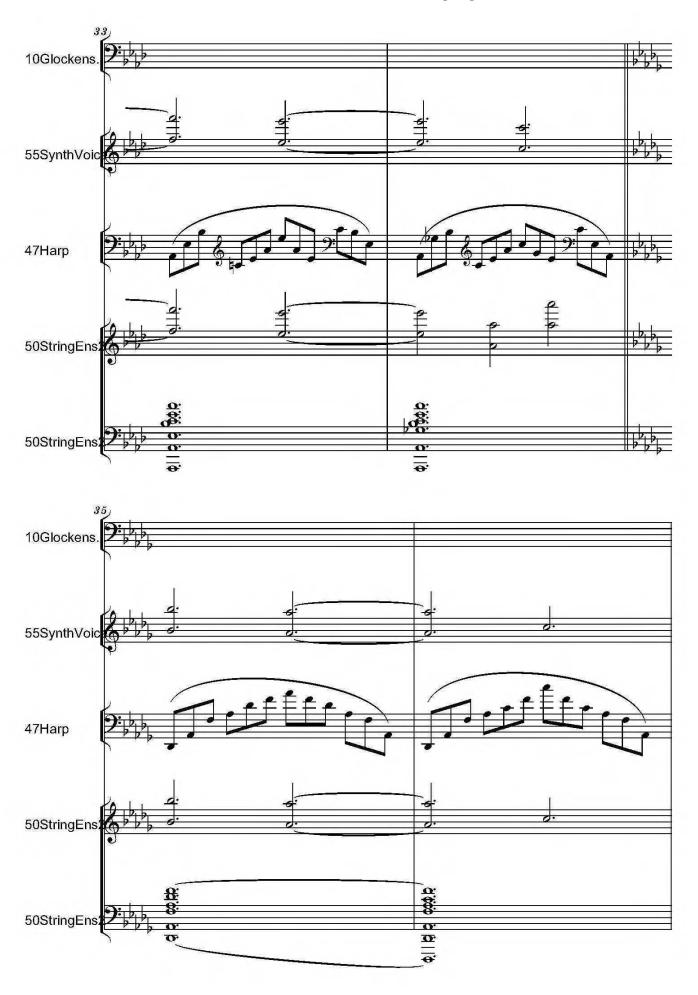
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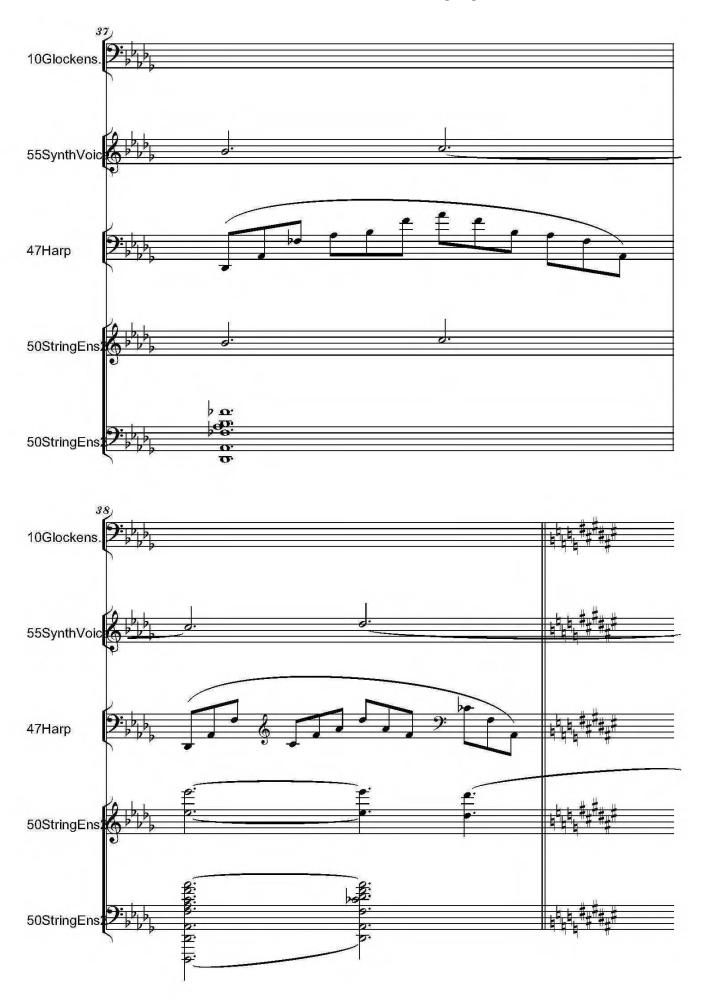


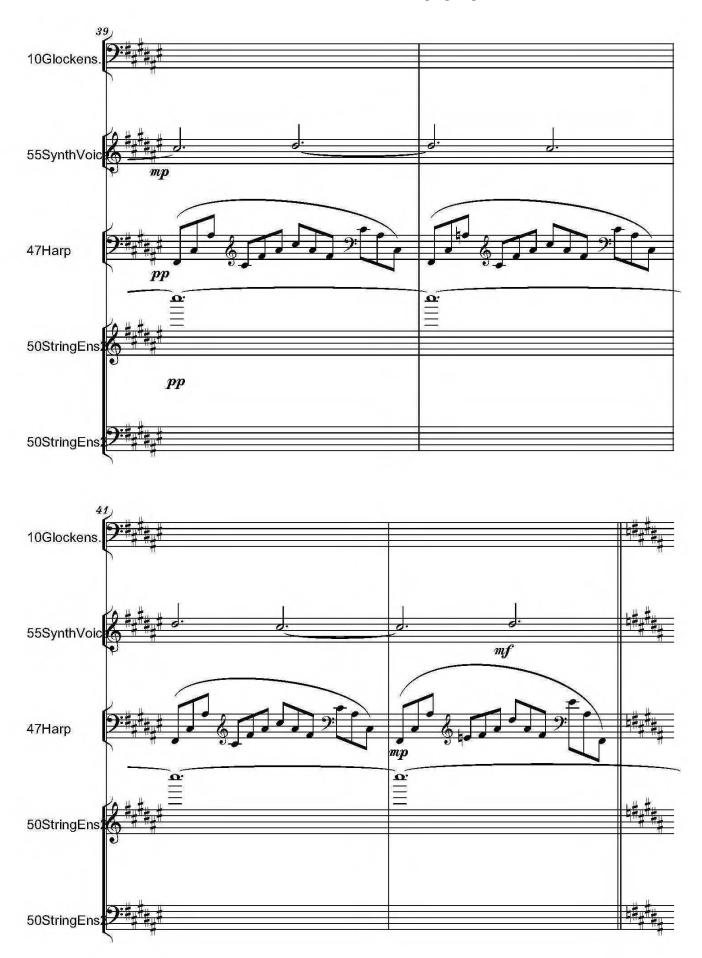


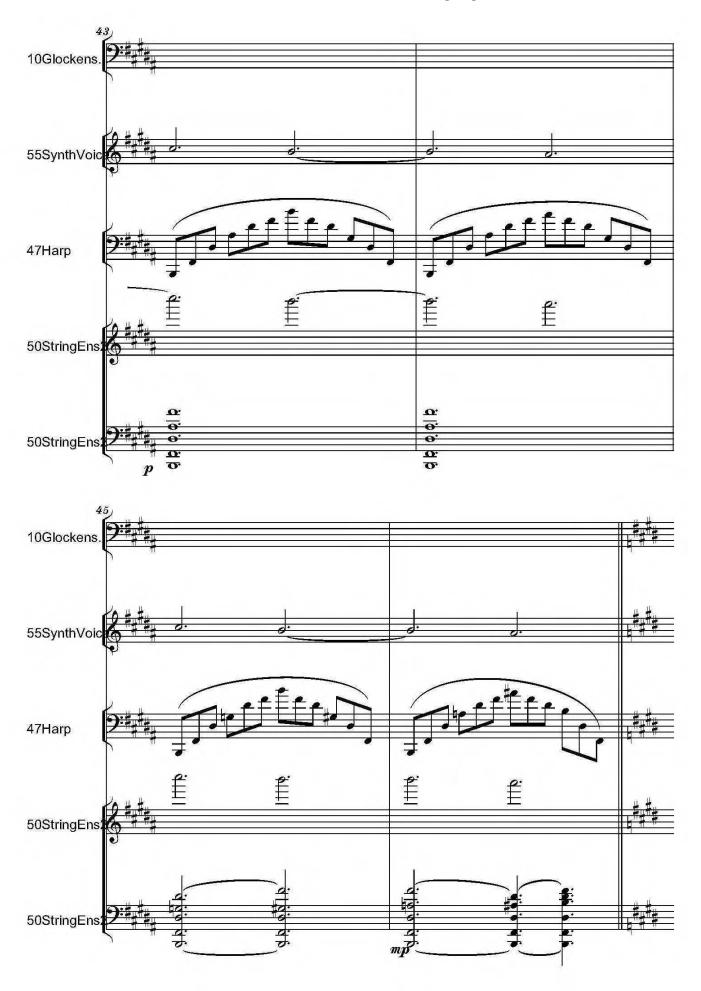
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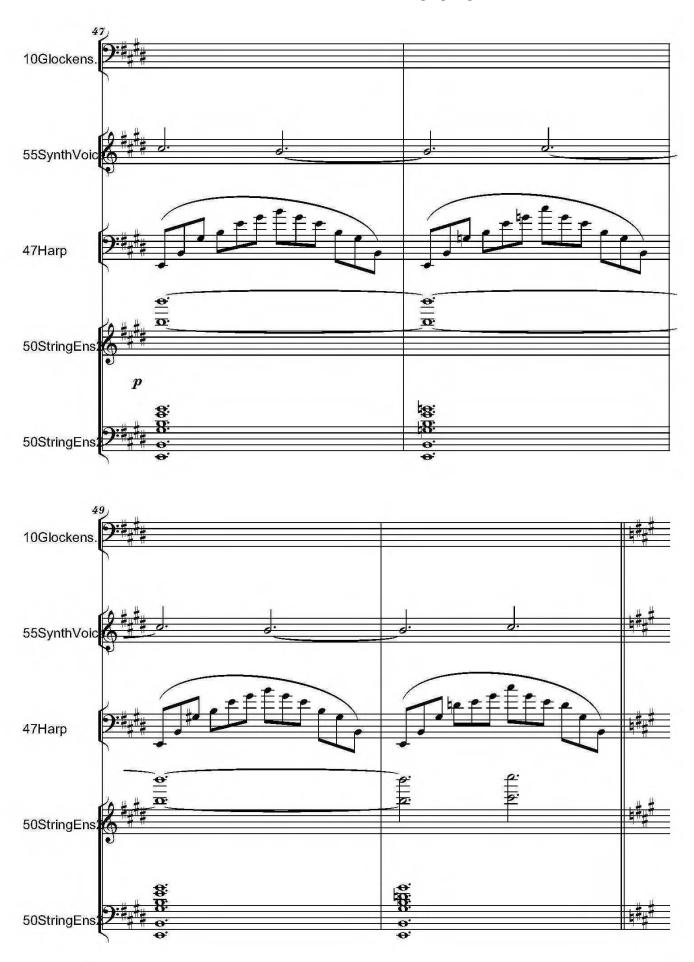


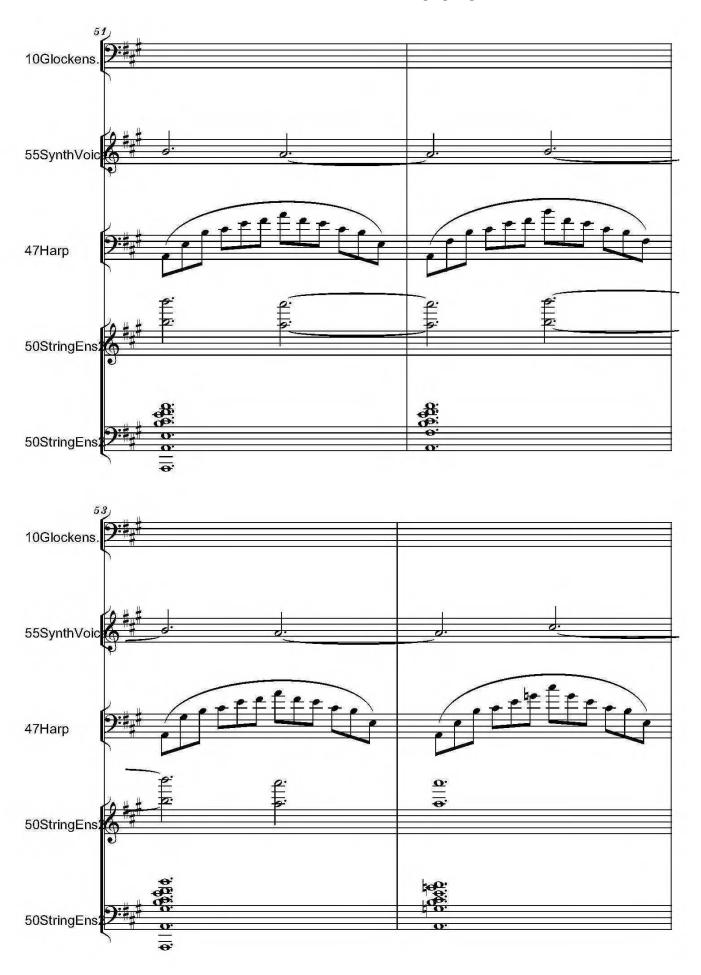


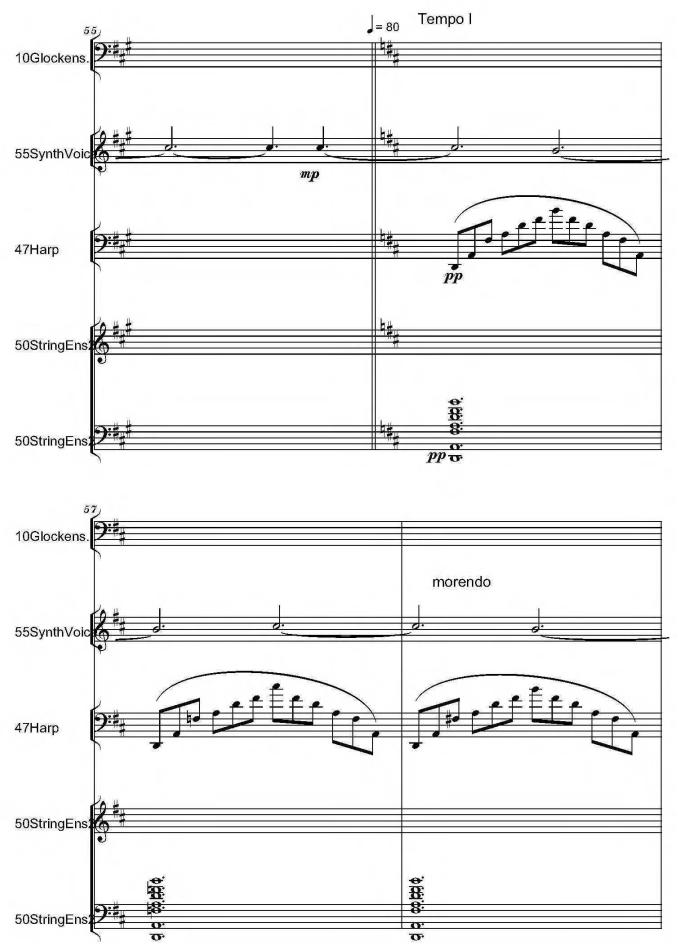








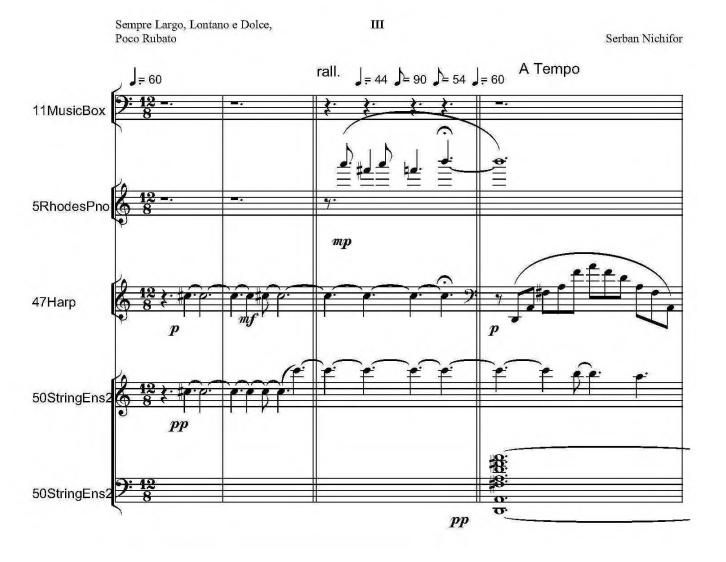






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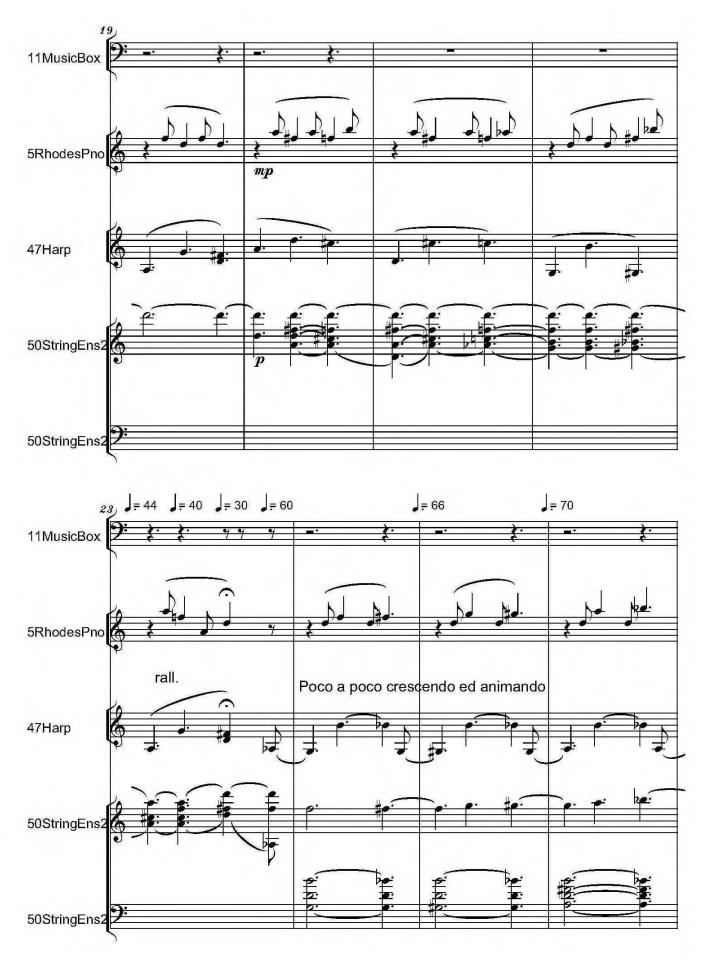
EXODUS - POEM BY BENJAMIN FONDANE

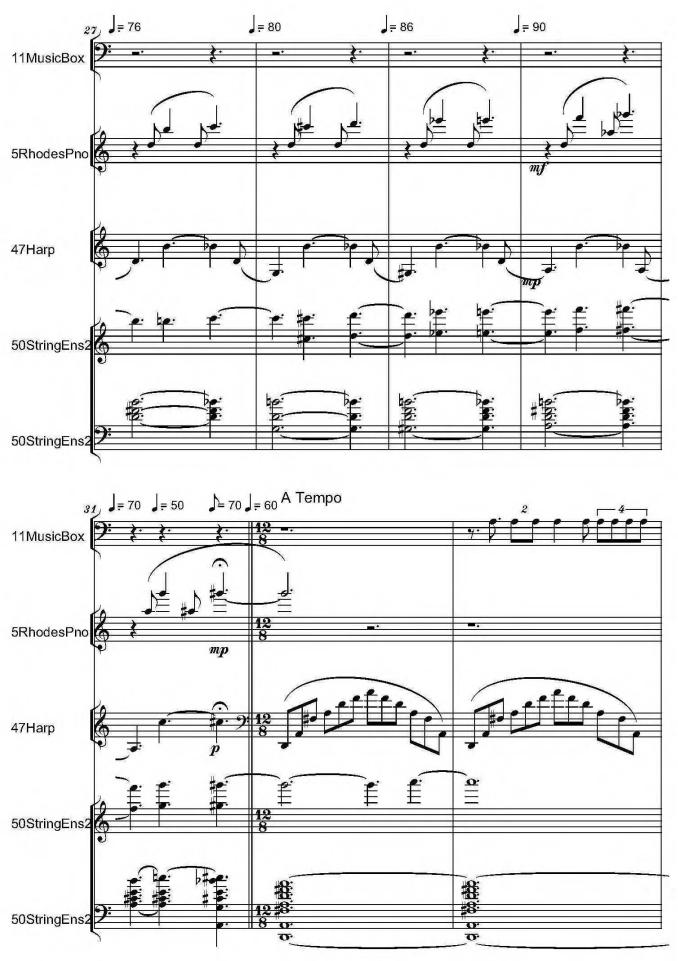


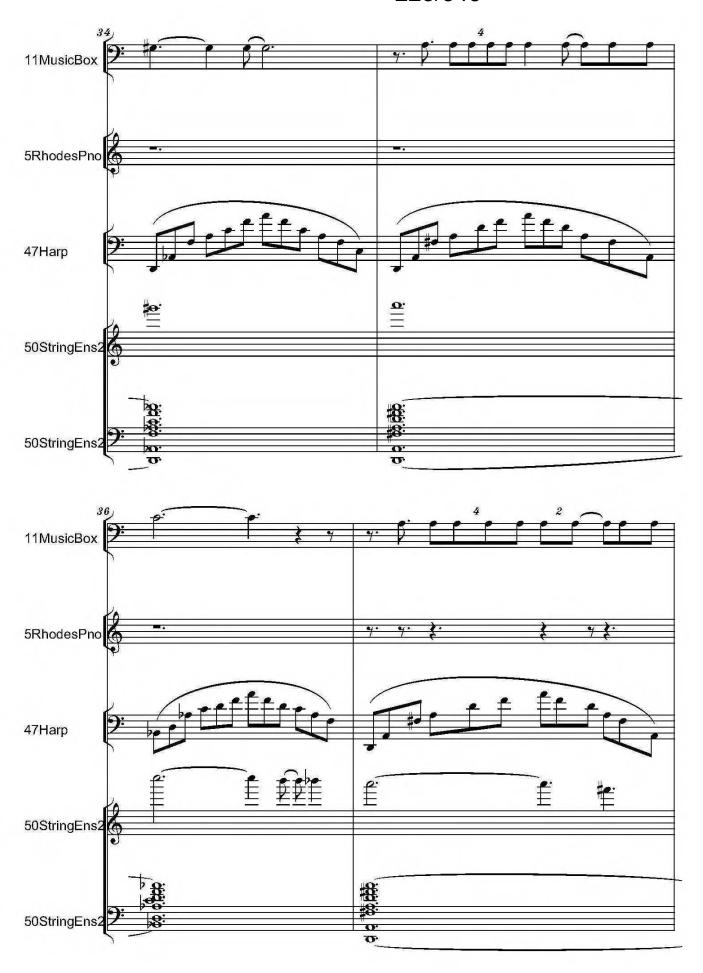






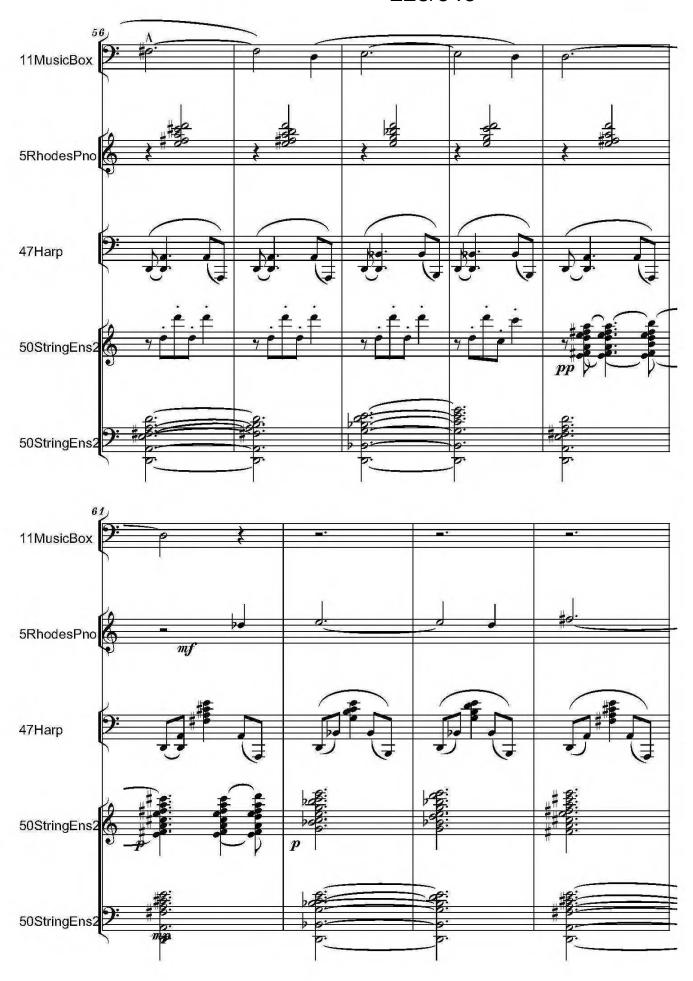






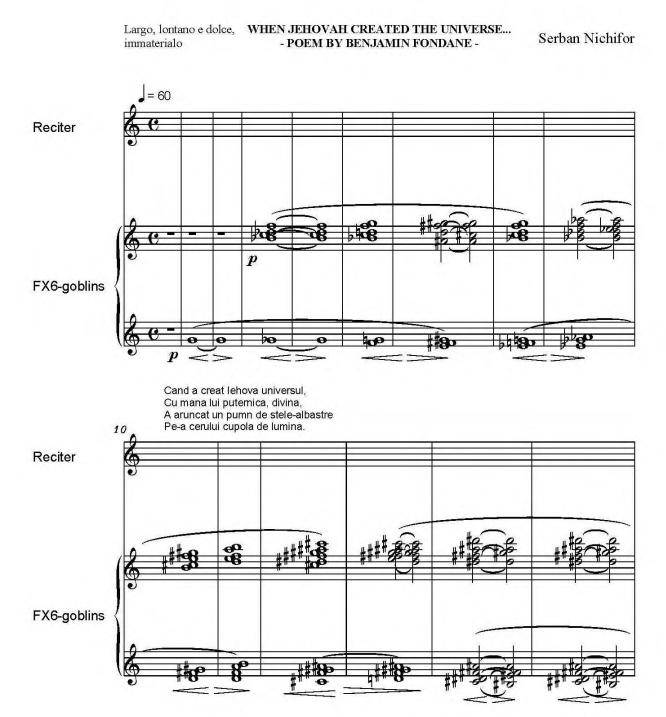


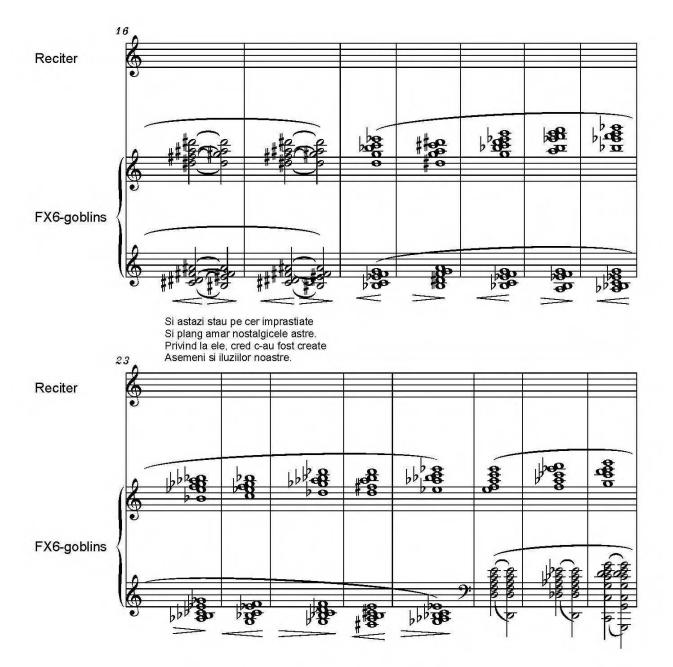


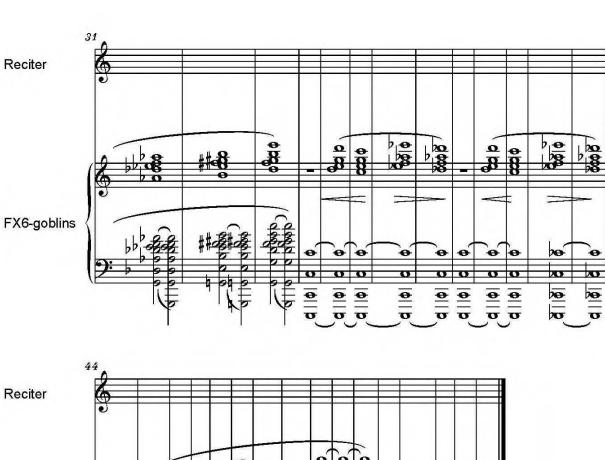


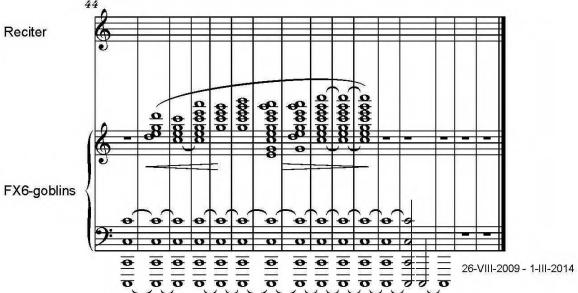














Serban Nichifor: Waltz 01, 15-III-2014





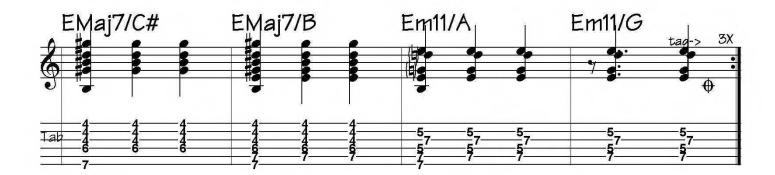














Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring





Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 2



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 3



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 4



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 5



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 6



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 7



Serban Nichifor: Waltz No 2 - Spring - Page 8



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Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03





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Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03 - Page 4



Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03 - Page 5



Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03 - Page 6



Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03 - Page 7



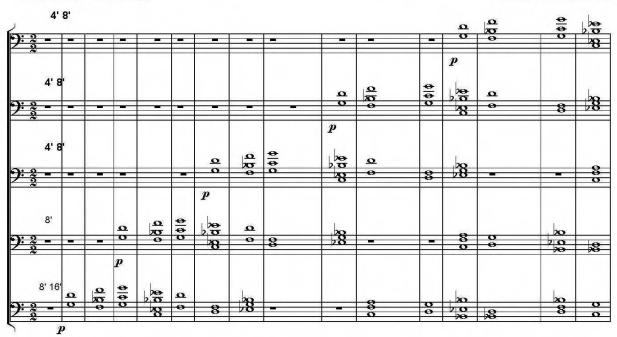
Serban Nichifor: Waltz 03 - Page 8



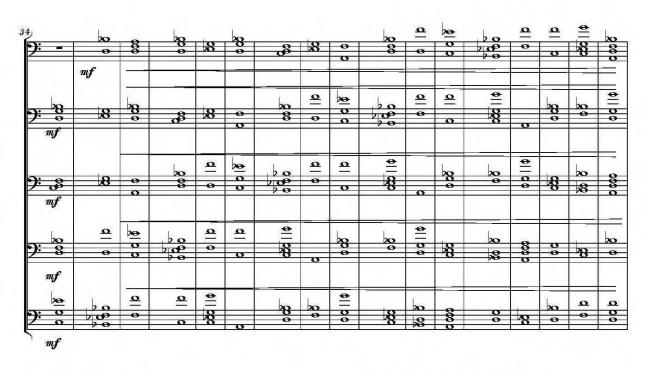
CATHEDRAL NATURE for 5 Electronic Organs

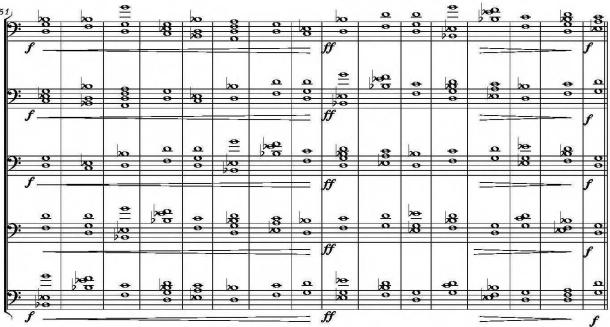
Lontano, Dolce e Rubato (free synchronization) 1 Half Note = cca 40-60 - Visual Music composed with Noatikl software -

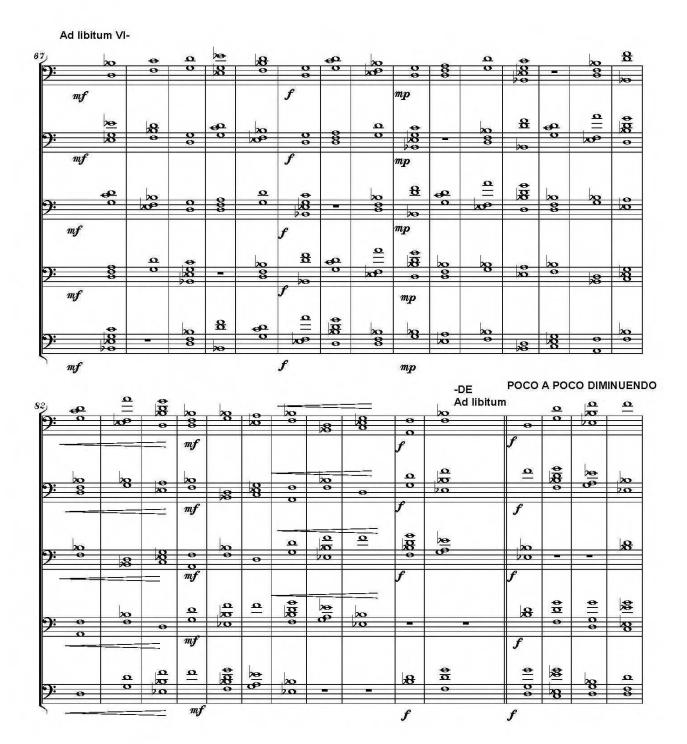
Serban NICHIFOR

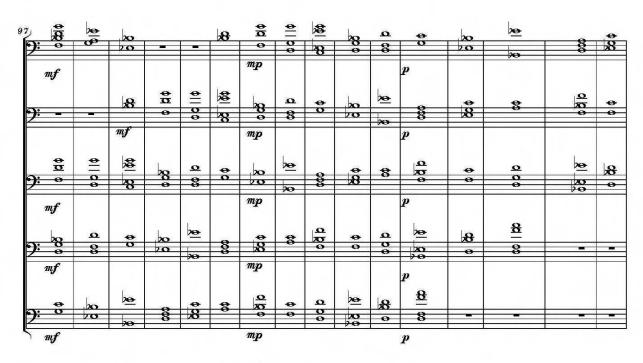


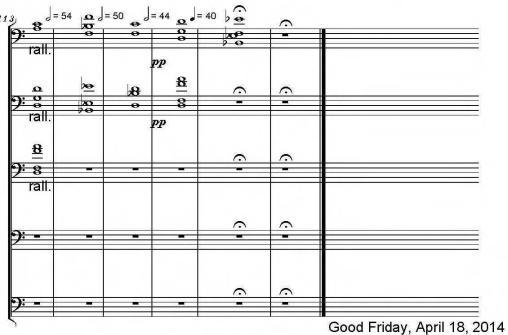
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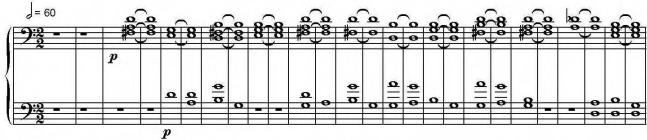


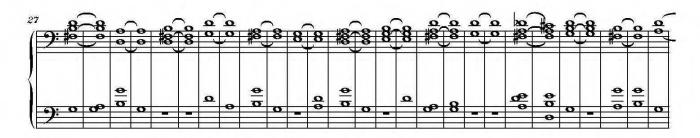


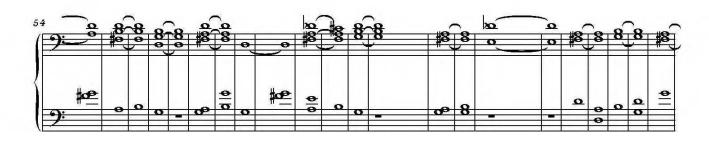
In Memoriam LIANA ALEXANDRA "SONG WITHOUT WORDS"

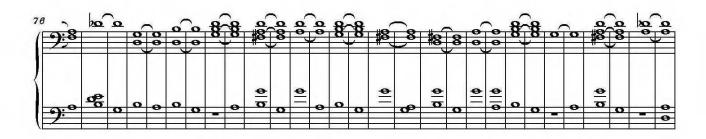
Lontano e Dolce, sempre Piano created with Noatikl Software

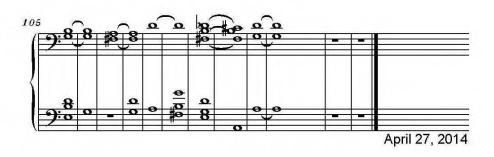
Serban NICHIFOR











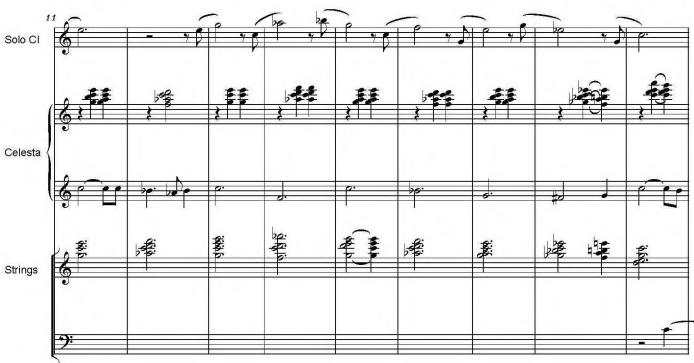


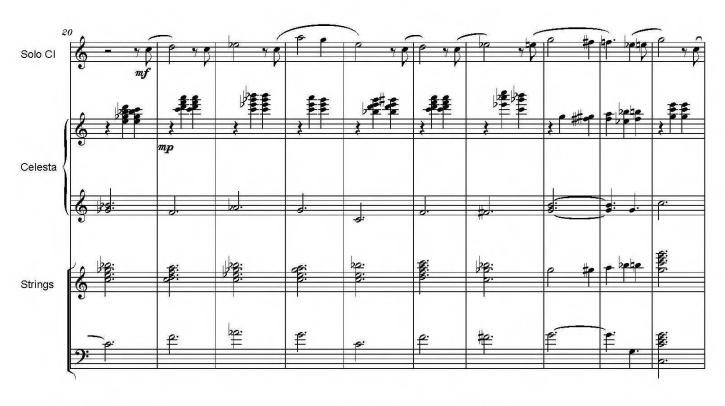
LONTANO WALTZ for Solo Clarinet, Celesta and Strings - score in C -

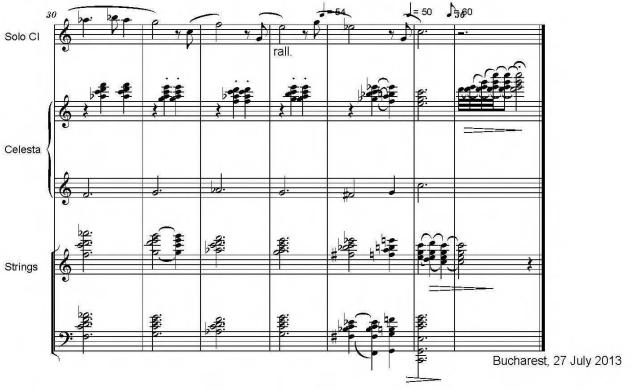
Lento e Lontano, Quasi Senza Tempo

Serban Nichifor









SERBAN NICHIFOR

(8-X-2014)

KADDISH

for Soprano or Tenor and Organ

Poems in Romanian by

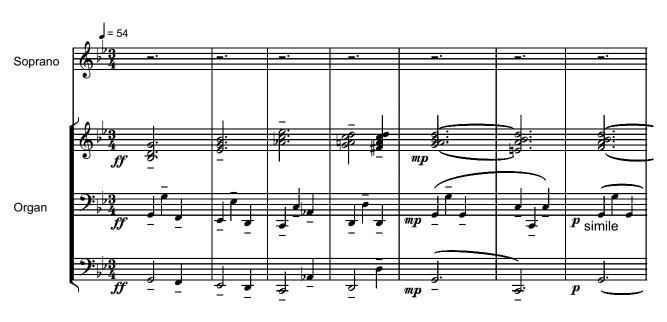
BENEDICT SOLOMON

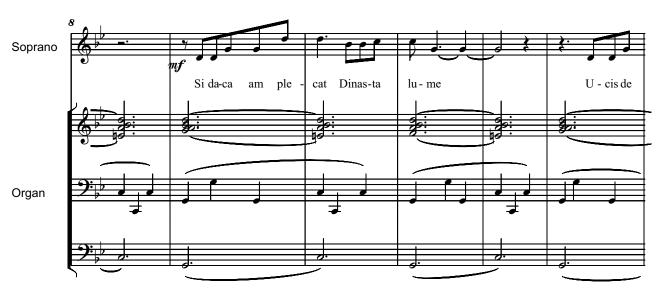
- 1. Tu mi-ai ucis credinta
- 2. Pastel multicolor
- 3. Kafka

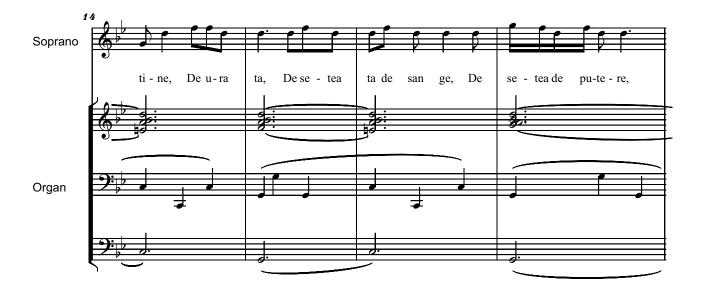
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TU MI-AI UCIS CREDINTA
GRAVE Versuri de Benedict SOLOMON

Muzica de Serban NICHIFOR









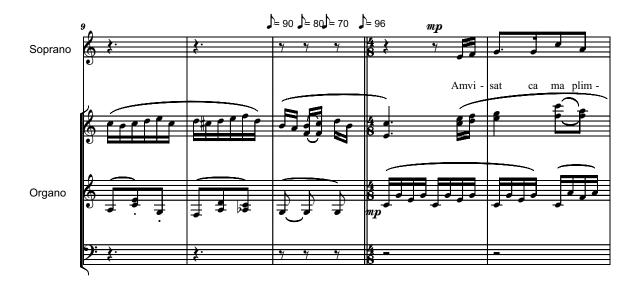


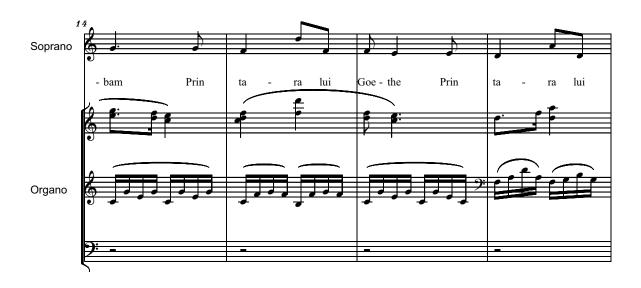
PASTEL MULTICOLOR Versuri de Benedict SOLOMON

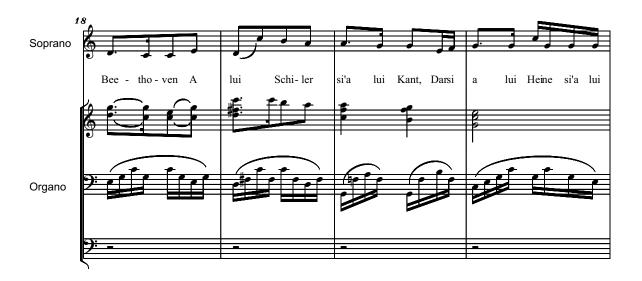
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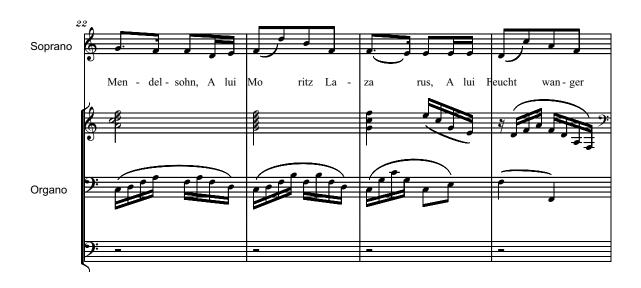
Muzica de Serban NICHIFOR



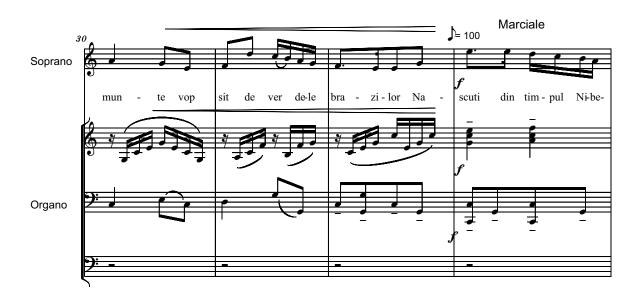


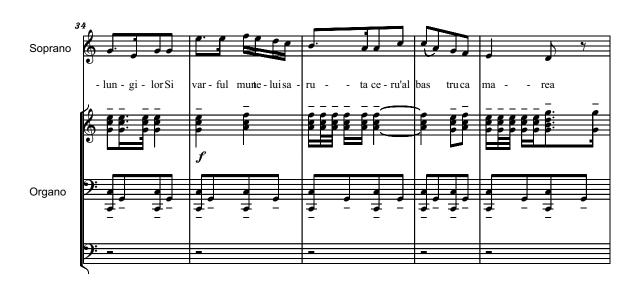




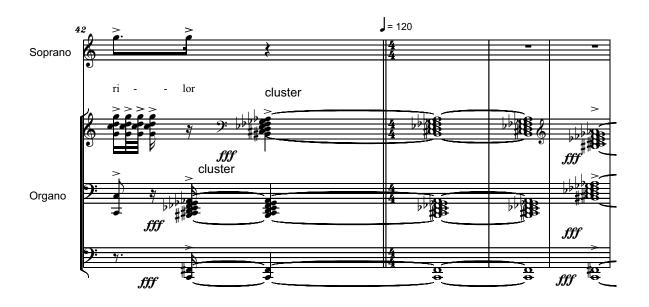












Parlando Rubato

Resut din parul martirelor
Si colorat in blond, roscat si argintiu
Si cu pete brune - ca si camasile brune,
Brune de sangele inchegat pe ele.

Par din pletele sfintelor.

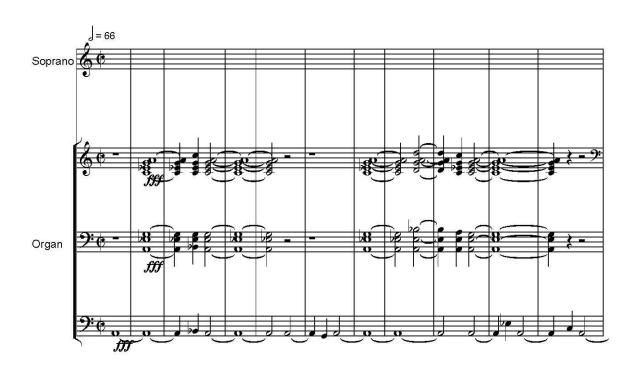
Plete taiate de mainile vopsite in sange,
Mainile fiarelor gheenei.

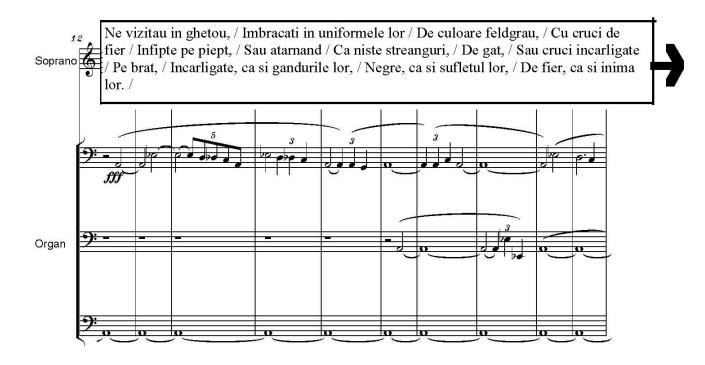
Priveam de sus

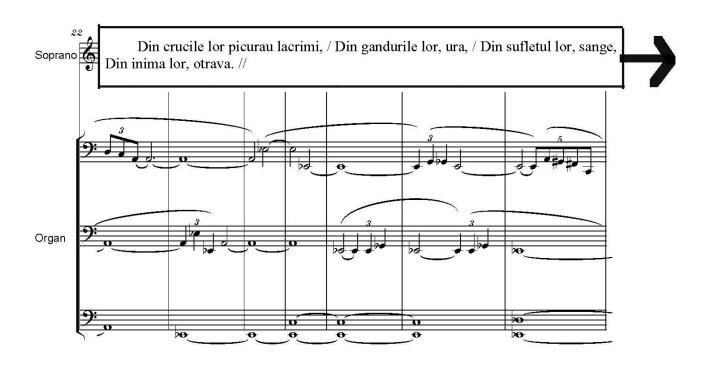


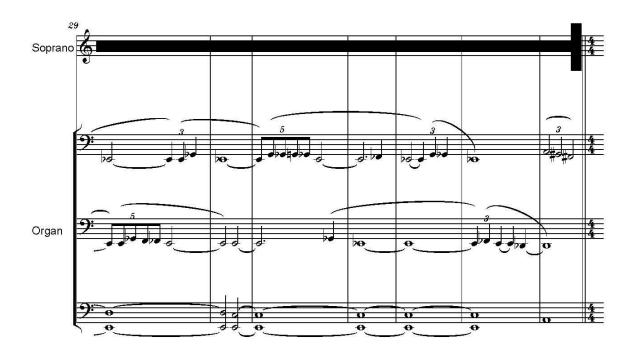
Muzica de

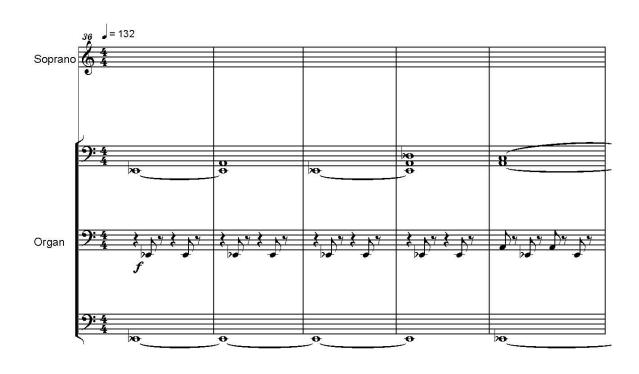
KAFKA Serban NICHIFOR Parlando Rubato Versuri de Benedict SOLOMON

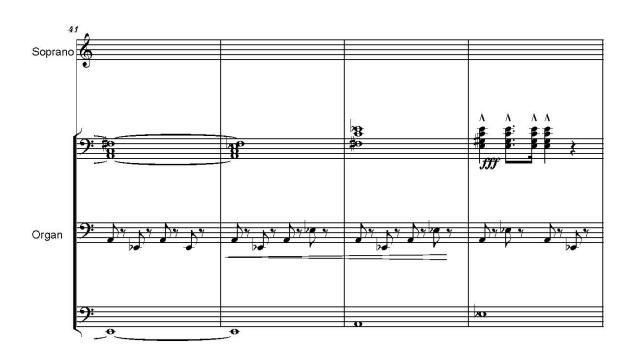


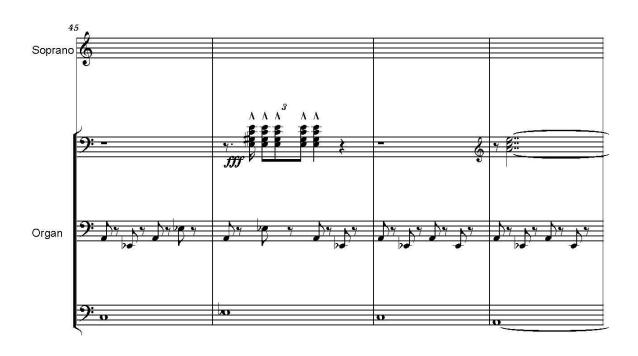


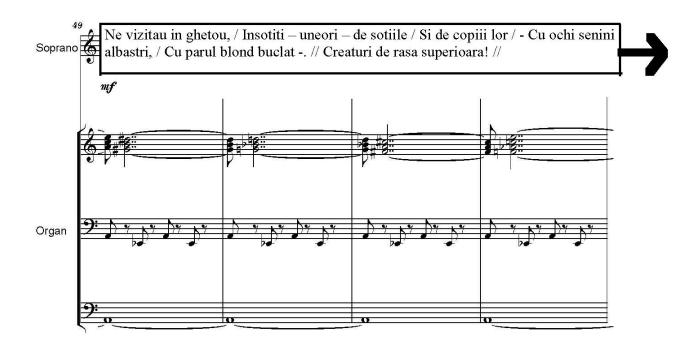


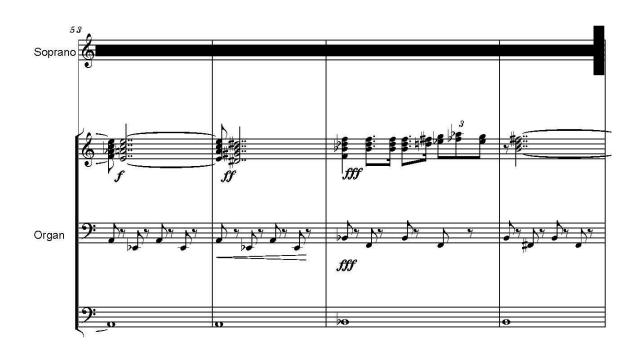




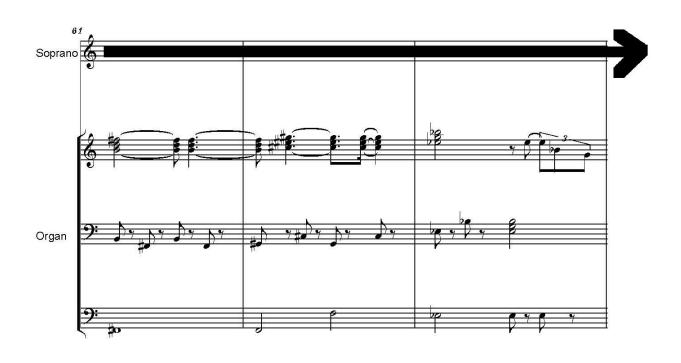


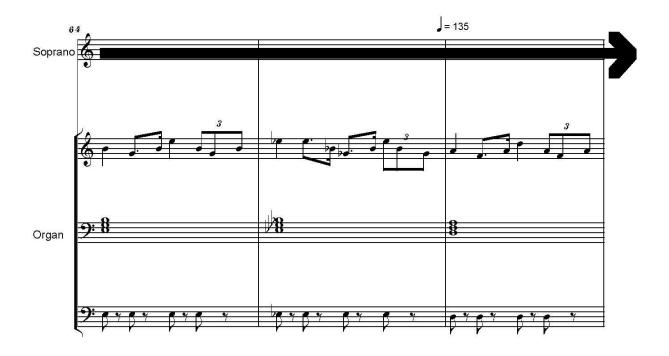


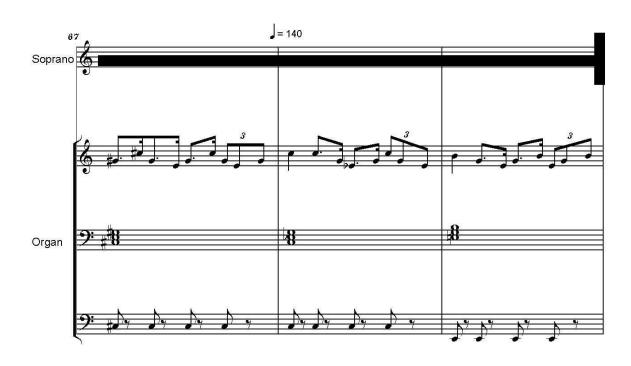


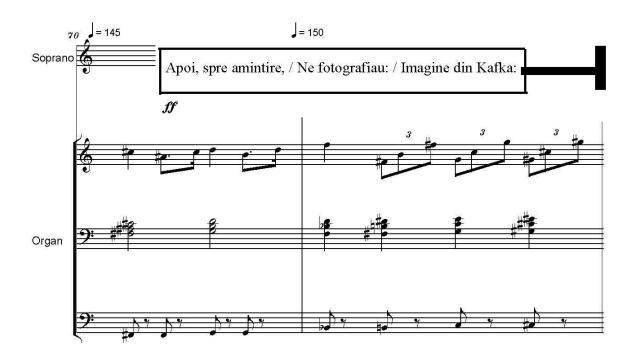




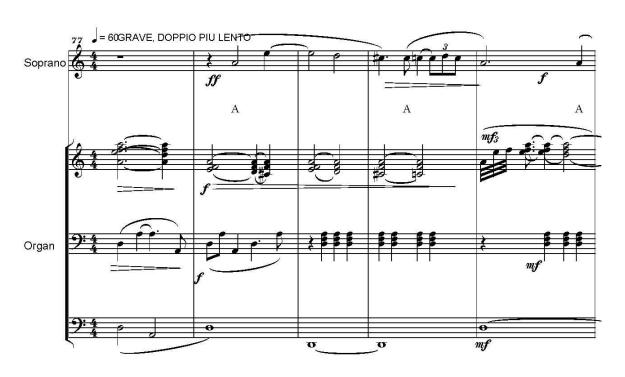


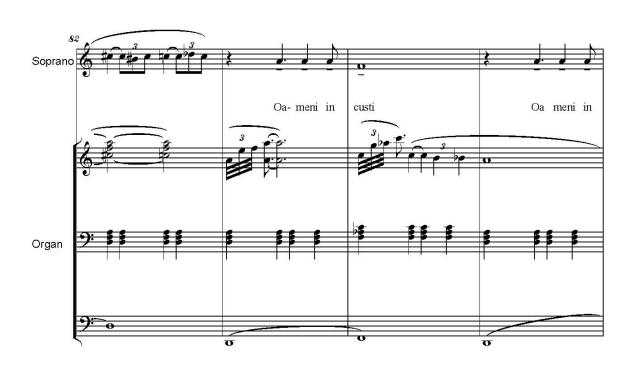


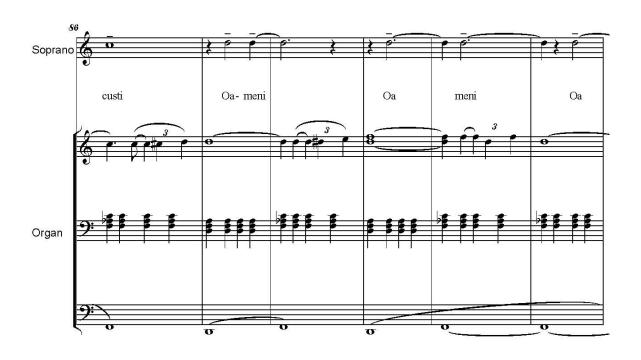


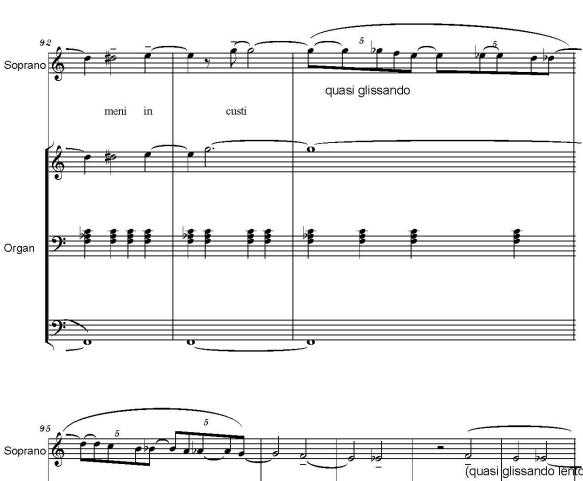


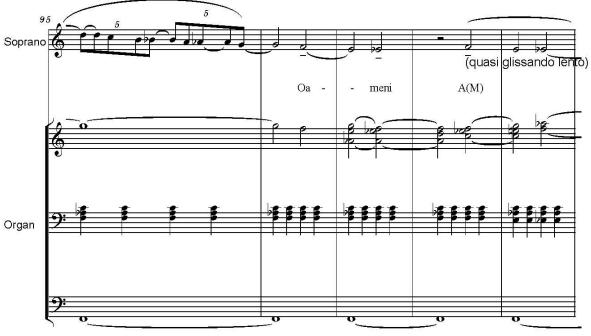


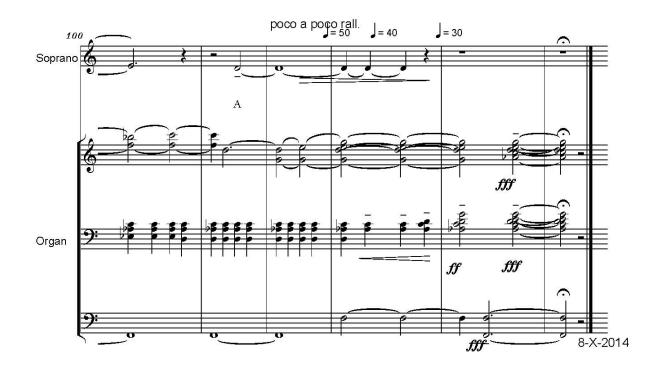












Serban Nichifor (2015)

Dedicated to the Holocaust Martyrs of the Bucharest Pogrom (21-23 January 1941)

HA'SHOAH

for Cello and Piano

Motto:

"Hope, Despair, and Memory"
Elie Wiesel, Nobel Lecture (11-XII-1986)



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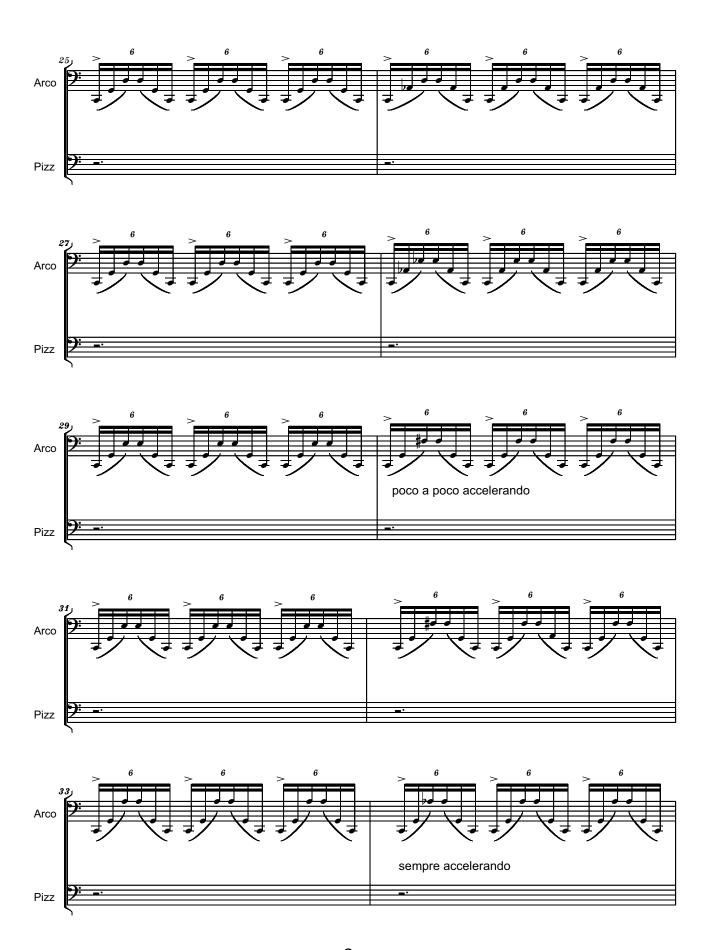
Dedicated to the Holocaust Martyrs of the Bucharest Pogrom (21-23 January 1941)

TRAGICO Sempre Molto Rubato,

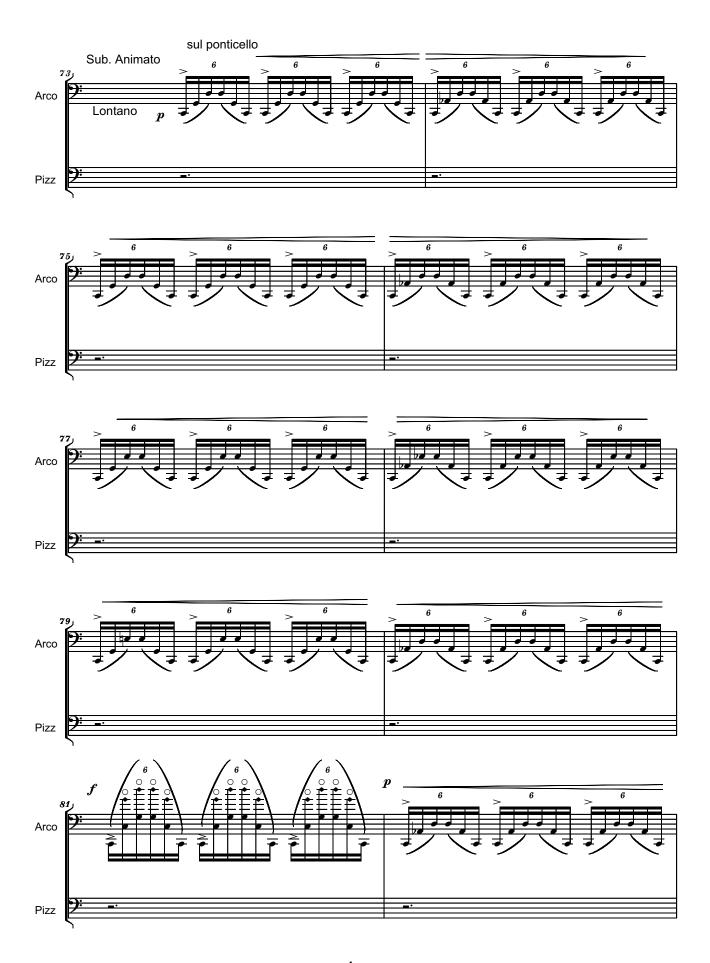
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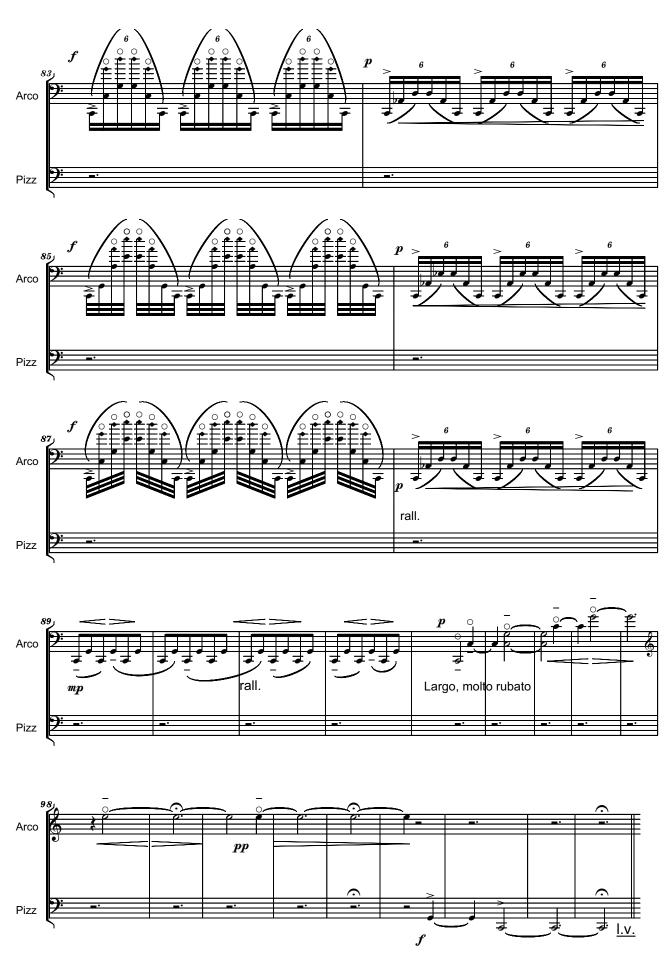
HA'SHOAH for cello and piano Motto: "Hope, Despair, and Memory" Flie Wiesel, Nobel Lecture (11-XII-1986











Sempre Molto Rubato, Quasi Improvisando

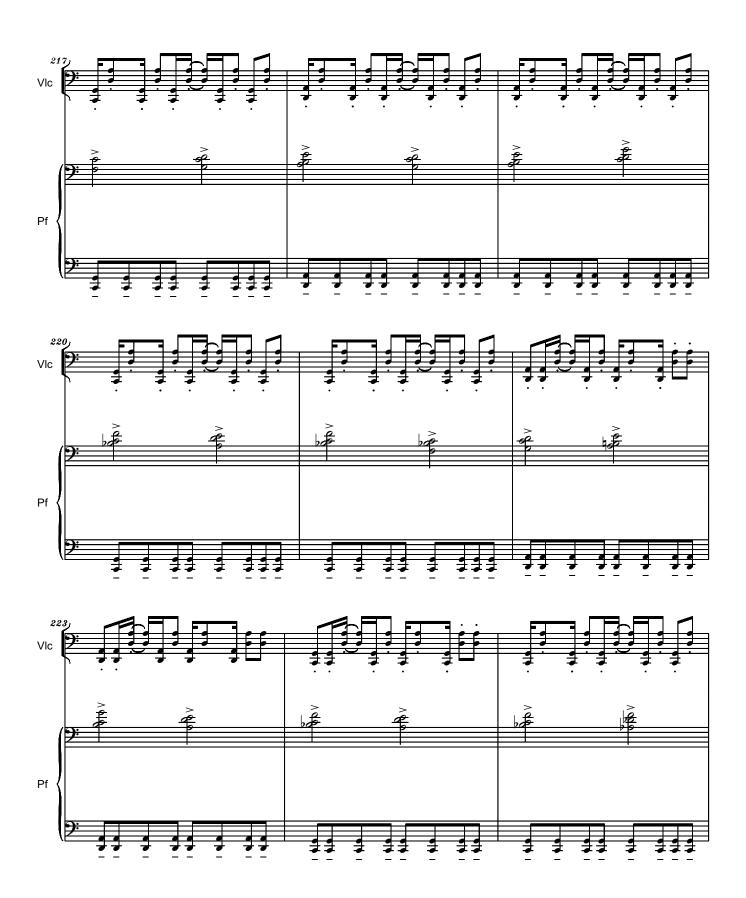












































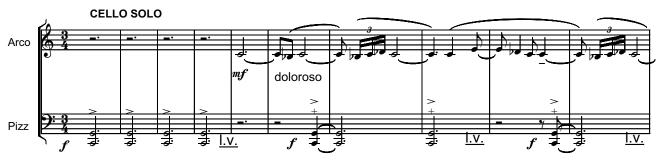
Dedicated to the Holocaust Martyrs of the Bucharest Pogrom (21-23 January 1941)

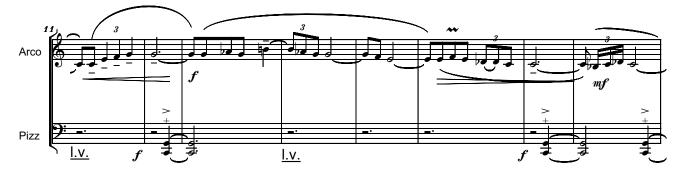
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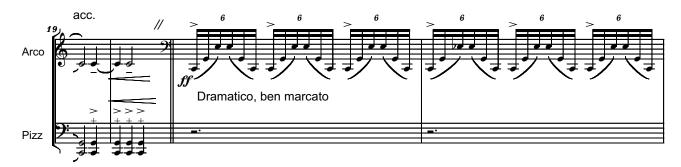
HA'SHOAH - Cello Part -

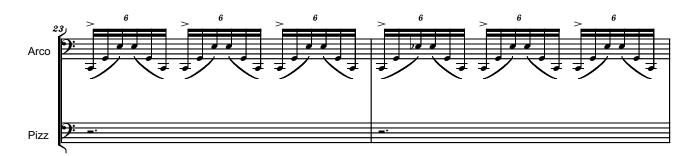
Motto: "Hope, Despair, and Memory" Elie Wiesel, Nobel Lecture (11-XII-1986)

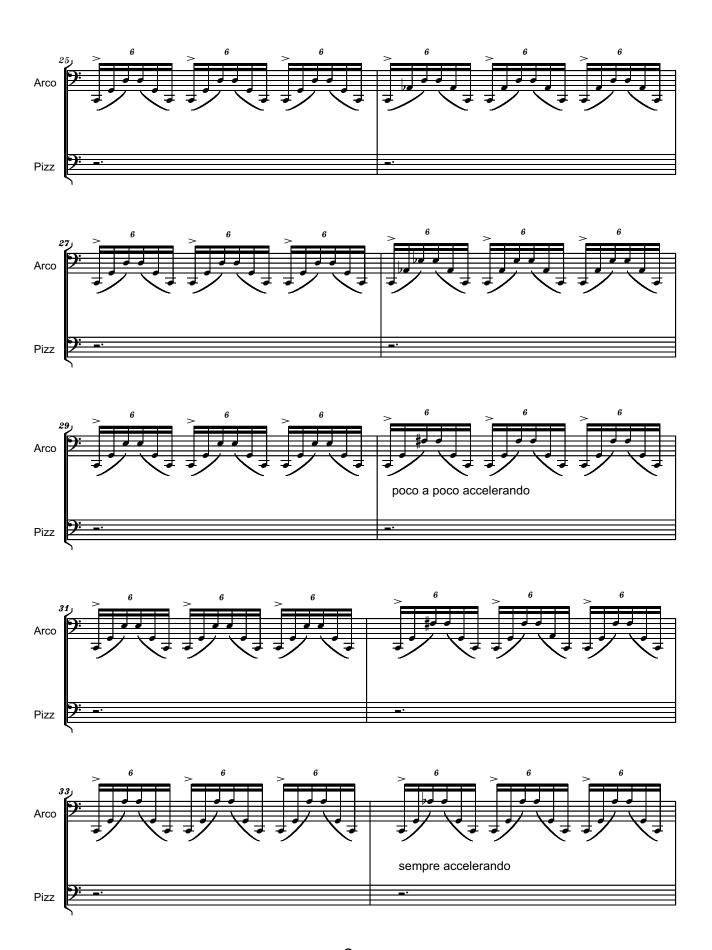
Serban Nichifor (27-X-2015)



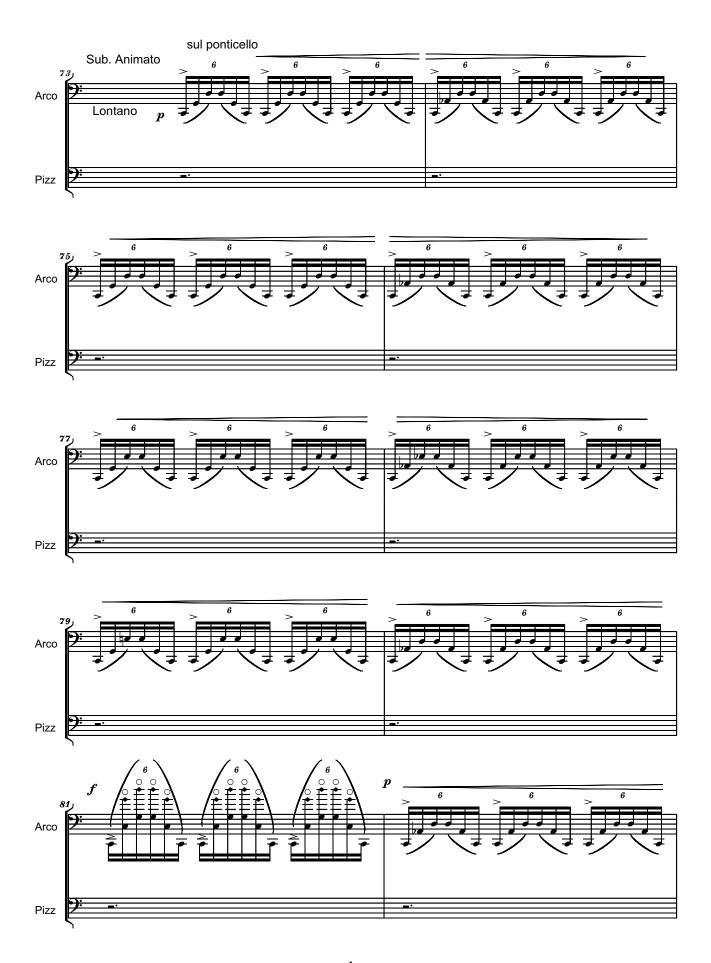


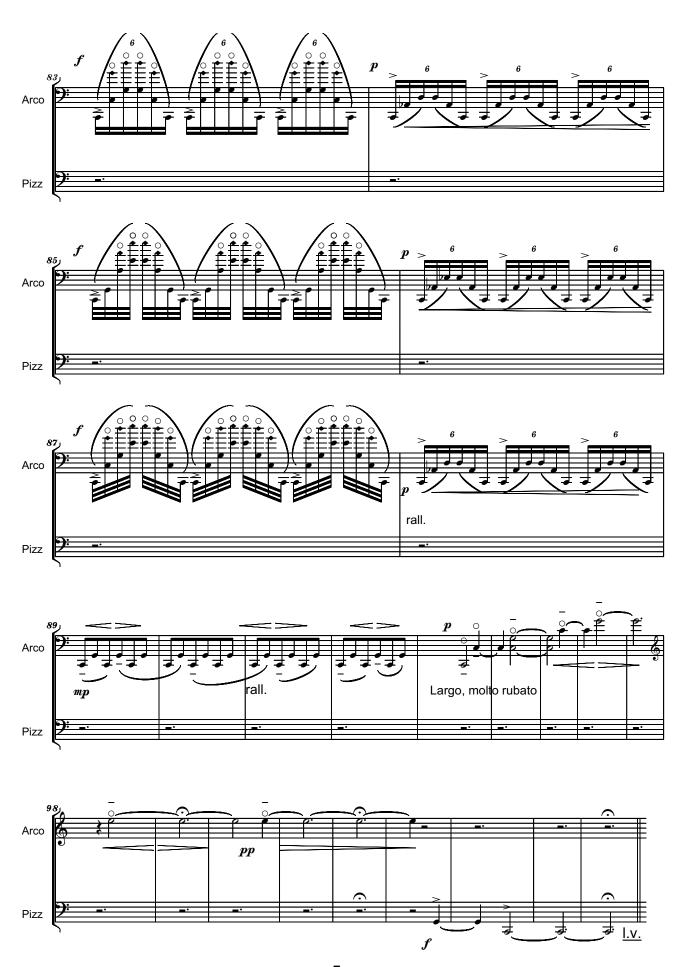




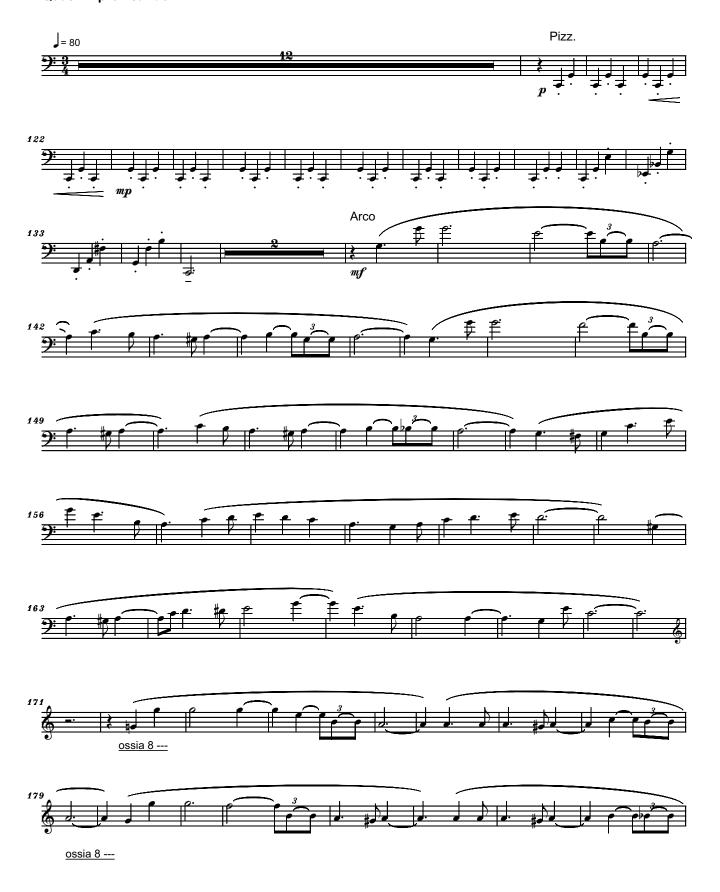








Sempre Molto Rubato, Quasi Improvisando













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